

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

THE Exhibition has had a triumphal year, and it now only remains to be proved that the organization has been thoroughly purified, by issuing a statement in which every dollar is accounted for and the person to whom it is paid is named. Toronto takes great pride in its Exhibition, and it was never more proud than over the success of this year. A statement is hoped for, in which every beneficiary of the Exhibition will be named. People talk at random and in a vague sort of way of the "graffers" connected with this annual fair. A printed book such as is issued by the Auditor-General of the Dominion would have a quieting influence. It should show the men engaged in gate-keeping and prize-paying, in advertising and in the general work of the Association. It might be wise in putting out such a book to mark "Relative" opposite the names of those who are connected with officers of the Association. Nobody will be satisfied until such a statement is issued. It is thoroughly understood that a large amount of money passes through the hands of those who conduct the fair; the whole matter will be happily settled by a statement such as I suggest, in which every man's name and post-office address are given in full. It would be perhaps too much to ask that the relatives of the managers should appear in different sized type or in some manner which would designate the fact that they were connected in more than a commercial sense with those who paid out the money. The public at least have a right to demand a full statement, comparative with other years, each item set off with the same item of the Exhibition of last year. The success of the Exhibition has been pleasing to everybody; its continued success can only be expected by a full statement in detail of every item.

I never pays anyone who desires to be popular as a publicist to indulge in pessimism. In looking at the future of the North-West, for over a year I have indulged in gentle warnings that trouble could not long be delayed in a country so huge and so liable to all sorts of disasters, not only of a climatic nature, but owing to such pests as the Manitoba grasshopper and the Yankee kicker. Perhaps I have too good a memory and, as I get older, begin to classify pests and disasters in a way in which a younger man would not indulge. It has not been surprising to me that they had a big snow-storm in Manitoba and the North-West. While September was in its infancy from three to ten inches of snow fell, and no matter how we may desire to conceal the facts, those of us who understand anything about grain must recognize that incalculable damage was done. The storm was so great that telegraph lines were put out of business, which materializes in our mind the helplessness of people who are suffering from what no amount of foresight could have prevented. This sort of thing is recurrent. For years things run smoothly, and then for years things are on the jolt. I lived in Kansas for a little while, and the grasshopper came down from the north and the most beautiful crops were destroyed—so absolutely destroyed that there was nothing left but dust. We must take these things into account. Not less now than in olden days can we expect to have seven fat years succeeded by seven lean ones. The lean ones do not necessarily mean great deprivation or a populace hungry for daily bread. But the lean years mean that those who are buying land and building houses and contracting for machinery and all that sort of thing must curtail their enterprises except they have saved from the fat years enough to proceed with their ambitions. I think it is a safe thing in business to bear in mind that the "old thing" has not happened the more liable it is to occur. I would not take second place with anybody who writes for newspapers in my belief in the North-West, but I would consider myself a most egregious ass to believe that good things will always happen. Even with the Chosen People in Palestine the good things did not always happen. We are told by the records of the people who lived there that the Lord frowned on them during certain periods. The history of every nation indicates that the Lord frowns on people every once in a while. Canadians are not so select and so free from sin and circumstance that they are to be exempt from this sort of thing. The moon darkens here as it does elsewhere; our sky is sometimes overcast and the waves of our inland seas beat noisily on the shore. We must remember this. For over a year I have tried to impress this fact on those who are engaged in stock speculations. I do not know that I have any special call to be the prophet of disaster, yet I know scores of people who have been carried out by the undertow and commercially drowned because they failed to remember that good times do not last always.

THE Cabinet troubles in Great Britain are certainly more serious than the ones that we have here at home, and I certainly have the small boy's pleasure in believing that Canada is contributing to the controversy which at any time may break up the Imperial Government. No matter how we got it, we have certainly got a voice in Imperial matters—a voice which we have long lacked. Our beliefs, necessities and tariff are being recognized. The benefit of this may come to us soon, or it may come later, or not coming at all, we may have to demonstrate things ourselves. Chamberlain, as a far-sighted politician, has recognized it. The average Britisher, not recognizing it, may defeat it. Nevertheless, Canada will go on insisting and demonstrating, and will finally prevail.

EXPLANATIONS are always a dangerous thing, for, after all, when we explain we may urge reasons more offensive than the deed that we desire to explain away. When people "make up" it is wise to do so without any classified motives for what may have been considered the misdeeds of the past. Mr. Tarte should remember this. In fact, every man who returns as the prodigal son should return without explanations. It appears to me that the slaughter of the fatted calf should be sufficient without any after-dinner talk which may be made use of by adversaries. When Mr. Tarte gets in a fond mood with those who have so recently been his enemies, it is to be hoped that his endeavours will not make the public sick. A purely business re-arrangement of relations which have been unpleasant is the only thing that will be enduring.

THE Canadian Associated Press cables are pretty nearly the silliest things that ever were. It has been said that a little bit of taffy is better than a great deal of epigraphy. The rubbing of shine and the putting together of checks in this international exchange of courtesies rather makes one tired. For instance, we are told from London, "A letter received from Colonel Evans of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, who, with Colonel Otter of Toronto and Colonel Drury of Kingston, is attached to Sir John French's staff for the military manoeuvres, says that he and his brother officers have had a very cordial reception." Who gives a continental cuss for this sort of thing? Yet the taxpayers of Canada are putting up good money for this sort of guff.

IT would seem that the highways and by-ways and sly-ways of this province are being given over to corporations in a way which must make the taxpayer think he is in great luck for not being "pulled" when he gets out on the sidewalk. It used to be that a man thought that the street was partly his. Now it is the prevailing opinion that "for the advantage of Canada" the man who pursues his weary way along the road is walking on corporation territory. The Toronto Street Railway has entered a suit claiming the privilege of building everywhere it "durn likes" in Toronto, with no reservation except that the gauge of the railroad and a few minor details may be supervised by the City Engineer. Without doubt many franchises have been given in a very loose manner, and in future contracts this vagueness should be avoided. If the Toronto Railway can invade any street where it sees fit to plant a line, the citizens who have paid for sidewalks and pavements and for the upbuilding of that section as a residential quarter are in mighty poor luck. If this sort of thing is not resisted to the uttermost limit we will be in a sorry mess. It was once feared by Macaulay that the

New Zealander would sit on the ruins of London Bridge and survey the decadence of Great Britain. We must fear that we will sit on the ruins of our back porches and be afraid to step on the street territory of some corporation that has grabbed our right of way. That the Dominion House of Commons, supposed to represent the public opinion of Canada, and the judiciary, supposed to protect public rights, are inclined to make us build bridges over the sidewalks in order to get to a place where we can walk without interference, seems to me a crime. Of course corporations are entitled to everything that they can get if the people will let them have it. But there is a time coming when the people won't let them have it, or if they do they won't have anything for themselves. Without doubt it is a wicked world, but the wickedness is not going to be all on one side, and the corporations should be well aware that they cannot maintain and keep as a preserve of their own, public property.

THE "News" reminded the Ontario Government on September 14th that that was the 472nd day of the North Renfrew vacancy. It would seem wise for a Government which has any certainty of success to avoid these daily suggestions that it is afraid to try its popularity in a place where it should be successful if the records of the past amount to anything.

A POLITICIAN while talking to me the other day spoke of another member of his party as being unsafe to trust, inasmuch as "he gave away the secrets of the party." This seems to be a surprising condition of affairs. Have the political parties taken unto themselves the condition of being secret societies? These divisions of the community are supposed to be open and to reflect public opinion as it is likely

union Parks represented has resolved that its confidence in him remains unshaken, has voted to continue his salary of forty-eight dollars a week during his prison term, has elected him marshal of the Labor Day parade, and has declared its purpose to overthrow the existing Government of New York city to avenge his conviction. That any union should take such an attitude seems incredible. Organized labor throughout the country, by its condemnation or commendation of this union's action, will measurably demonstrate whether it is for unions right or wrong, or for unions and unionists only when they obey the law.

THE United States is already getting into a very disagreeable snarl with regard to the Panama Canal, and it would seem as if the promoters of the inter-isthmian waterway were doing some political organizing in Central America. As a matter of fact, the Nicaragua route has been abandoned by sensible people, and the difficulties which are being created at Bogota, the capital of Colombia, make it seem necessary to the United States to create a new Central American republic, of which Panama will be the chief fraction. The difficulties of dealing with South American republics are so notorious that it is no wonder that the United States of America should use its influence to have its canal in the territory of a very small state which it could absolutely control. Of one thing the United States should be fully aware, and that is that any effort it makes towards the disintegration of Central and South American states will arouse the suspicion and antagonism of all the other republics. One cannot be a bully one night of the year and be kindly remembered as a suave and diplomatic gentleman the other three hundred and sixty-four days. The memory of people who are only half civilized is perhaps more tenacious than that of those who are

Countess Grosvenor, is one of the most charming of English ladies."

THE following communication, from a gentleman who ought to know what he is writing about, will be of interest, since litigation has been resorted to by the opponents of University Federation:

"To the ordinary layman it seems strange that these persons who have been figuring so much in print lately in opposition to the federation of Trinity College with the Toronto University should be the ones who can lay least claim to be successful in their several parishes. Dr. Langtry makes the statement that the meeting in favor of federation was packed by St. Simon's people. I do not think such was the case, but if it was so, was it not a testimony to the successfulness and the appreciation of their late rector, and also to the faith they had in his ability to carry out any work he undertook? Could any of the other city parsons (who have raised such a racket and in some cases used very strong language, to say the least, about the provost) get such a turnout to support any cause they might be working for? What the English Church wants here in Canada to-day is more men of the stamp of Dr. Macklem, and then we should hear less of the shrinkage in membership and of the difficulty in raising funds to carry on the different works in the Church."

THE Court of Appeal on Monday gave judgment in the case of Toronto against the Bell Telephone Company, favoring the telephone outfit. The meaning of this judgment is that under the Dominion title to do business they are permitted to erect poles along the streets and string wires on them as they turn please. This sort of thing won't work. The provinces will yet insist, as they should insist, on maintaining some rights on their highways and streets. That a Liberal Government should show itself to be willing, not in this particular instance, to make any old thing "for the advantage of Canada," is a misuse of power and evinces a tendency to permit the House of Commons to trade off what is "to the advantage of Canada" in a manner to which people will not submit. There is not a worse administered franchise for the public benefit than the telephone system of Toronto.

A couple of weeks ago I wrote a paragraph about it which has brought communications to me by the score. The Bell Telephone Company in this city is simply a fright. A lawyer writes me that he has been forced by the exigencies of his business to ask the girl at the telephone if five or ten dollars would be any assistance in placing him in communication with his client, and has been rung off with the oft-told tale, "Too busy." A legal gentleman tried five times to communicate with his wife in an afternoon. Each time he was told, "Line in use." When he got home for dinner he rather taunted his wife with the fact that she had been very busy with the telephone all afternoon. She told him that she had not rung up nor been rung up all day. The maid was called in to corroborate the statement, yet five times this man had tried to reach his home and was told that the line was in use. It is said the girls are paid altogether too little for their services, and do not even pretend to connect those who desire to speak. One thing is evident, that the telephone service of Toronto is a farce. I have to do with the hiring of telephones for tenants in a building of considerable size. Their complaints to me are simply unbearable. People are rung off with the answer, "Line in use," when the line is not in use, and it is simply impossible in the city of Toronto to regularly get the communication that we pay for. The manager must be incompetent or he must be surrounded by conditions or submerged by circumstances which are entirely uncommercial and are no part of a telephone service. I can testify that I left three messages on the desk of my office helper to make appointments any time during the afternoon, and at five o'clock, though the messages were left there at one o'clock, I had received no communications whatever. Personally I never think of going near the telephone; it is so exasperating and unsatisfactory that I would much prefer to hire a carriage and take the chance of reaching the person I desire to see at the expense of hack fare, rather than by means of a service for which the company to which I belong pays liberally and practically gets little. The complaint is not personal; it is one in which the telephone users of Toronto unanimously join. That we should pay the price and not get the service is a beastly shame, and it will not be borne by the people for any great length of time. It is not only the antiquated telephones, but the sauciness of girls who do not value their positions on account of bad pay, which makes the entire business intolerable.

IT is a serious thing to have the auditing of bills which are presented to the Government either passed or refused by a man whose future is in the hands of those who say the bill must be accepted or rejected. The Auditor-General of Canada is a man of extraordinary self-will and frequently spends fifteen dollars in proving that a fifteen-cent account is not correct. We should prize him for this, and the bill to limit his authority, which has passed its first reading, is a dangerous one. Auditor-General McDougall is a strong man and has been the watch-dog of the treasury in both Conservative and Liberal Governments. He is getting small sympathy from the Conservatives, whom he never favored, and he is getting much abuse from the Liberals, who should readily unite in having things done for the sake of the economy and honesty for which they clamor. Mr. McDougall's position is a difficult one, and the fear with which everybody approaches him testifies to his honesty and the intricate examination of accounts for which he is noted. Notoriously he cannot be influenced by politicians. Why not leave him alone? Men of his calibre are scarce. Those who have the opportunity and duty of scrutinizing accounts should not be the puppets of politicians.

DURING the past week I have met many people from St. Thomas who were the victims of the Atlas Loan failure and the Elgin Loan fiasco. For some of us life has been enlarged by transactions which, whether successful or unsuccessful, have made us able to endure with equanimity a loss which many might esteem a fortune. But in many small places the loss of a few thousand dollars which were stored, not with an idea of leaving the money to others, but as a provision for old age, is considered a disaster which cannot be repaired. Last week I had three delegations from St. Thomas talk to me about their losses, and the tales of woe which filled my ears were simply saddening beyond conception. Why should incompetents and people without commercial restraint obtain the confidence of people, as it is evident these financial maggots in St. Thomas obtained the good will and trust of people who had a few hundred dollars to deposit? Thousands can be lost in a big city where thousands can be made in a day, but to lose thousands in a little place where it takes years and years of hard labor to put aside some savings, is an altogether different proposition. My heart goes out to these poor people who are old and unable to regain what has been lost and have no earning power. Tears do not fill the purse of the one who has been injured, and financiers have many means of railroad these unfortunates under the barn and quieting scandals which have already sent one prominent man to the penitentiary. It is true that Rowley has been given a long term, but it would be difficult to find in St. Thomas anybody who believes that he is the only man who should have got it. Without discussing individual cases which would be painfully recognizable even if done anonymously, I can only say that I know of heartbreaking things in my native place which make it difficult for me to be charitable to those who engineered and were the chief cause of the crash.

LAST week I had a couple of gentlemen interview me as to the advantage of settling in Central or South America. They thought that raising sugar and coffee and rubber would be an exceedingly good business. Probably it would be all they think it is, but an English-speaking man who arranges to spend his life in a country in which he will always be an alien is making a great mistake. What we can obtain here for nothing in the way of environment, the circumstances



WAITING.

Jack Canuck.—"I'll know how to talk on 'Colonial Preference' to you, Mr. Chamberlain, when the old gent inside settle my boundary line."

to divide on questions in which the public are interested. Are they secret societies? Do they meet and discuss public affairs as if they were members of a lodge? It is absolutely preposterous that public business should be conducted on any such basis. Public business is the affair of every citizen, and any secret conclave or caucus is entirely out of harmony with democracy or the general idea of how things should be decided for the public benefit. The whole basis of secrecy is deception and selduggery, which enables politicians to do things which are not "for the advantage of Canada." The older the country gets—and it has attained no great age—the more this secrecy and the doing of business on the sly finds a place. Of course there are many commercial deals which have to be made in which publicity would be ruinous. But with whom these deals are to be made is, after all, the great question. If the people of this country transacted their business with themselves and not with corporations there would be an end of secrecy. Party secrets would be unknown, for there would be none. Politicians would lose their power of using these secrets either with the newspapers or with corporations which desire to obtain inside information. No matter what improvements could be made in the system, it does seem to be absolutely crazy to continue a system of alleged secrecy which it pays those in the council of the party to betray. Why should anything be withheld from the elector who elects members of Parliament? Why should there be things that are only to be whispered? We may be sure that the "whisperers" are paid and fear the public. The man on the public platform seldom dares to make an indecent proposition to the electorate. His proposition is made on the quiet; in alleys, in bar-rooms, and at back doors. If we are to have purity of politics secrecy must be excluded. No man ought to know enough to terrify a Government in order to blackmail it.

WHILE it may be said that this paper is often opposed to labor unions, it must be admitted that I have never had any but organized labor in my employment. The fact that organized labor has gone beyond its limits—beyond its intelligence—must be insisted upon. The most intelligent men in the labor unions, the most honest men, are not the ones who control. The turbulent spirits, the men who want to talk and not work, get in sight and finally in control. The following paragraph from a paper friendly to organized labor conveys an idea of the situation:

"The action of New York labor unions in the case of Sam Parks can not but grieve every well-wisher of workingmen, and cause all their enemies to rejoice. Sam Parks was, and is, the walking delegate of the Housewives' and Bridgemen's Union. He used his official power to extort money from employers under threats of injury. For this he was arrested, tried and convicted by a jury of his peers, and sentenced to two years and a half imprisonment in Sing Sing prison. During the trial, the Central Federated Union of the New York building trades condemned the district attorney for prosecuting Parks and for not prosecuting the employers of labor who had been uncourageous enough to be bled. This was bad enough, but the worst was yet to come. A late despatch says that the

accustomed to dealing with international affairs. It is quite possible that the United States is willing to be hated as long as it gets the canal, but there is an old Spanish saying that "there are no small enemies." The difficulty of accomplishing what our Yankee friends have set out to do is being demonstrated, and the difficulties are being exaggerated by the high-handed course pursued.

IT is difficult, in view of the very great losses which fire insurance companies have been called upon to pay in Canada, particularly in Ottawa and Hull, to get a proper idea of how much should be charged for insurance and what conditions should be imposed in residential districts of well-served cities. It is thoroughly well understood that old line companies impose oppressive rates upon good houses occupied by those who are not a bad moral risk. The brick limit law, which demands the most substantial sort of structure, is certainly being overworked in Toronto. This city extends over a very large space, and unlike Ottawa and Hull, a fire in one dwelling would not mean the destruction of a whole section. While it might not be prudent to permit inflammable dwellings to be erected in the heart of the town, there is no reason why roughcast and wooden buildings should not be permitted within limits which are now proscribed. One of the chief necessities of Toronto is to obtain dwellings for the wage-earning class which are not too expensive. While people in the North-West Territories who are making a great deal of money dwell in shacks or at night recline in sleeping-bags, Toronto working people are forced to pay high rents for houses they do not want. If this condition made it possible for us to obtain low insurance little complaint could be made, but everyone has to pay too much even when they insure a brick house. It is not easier to make a pretty house with brick than it is with pine or with roughcast—indeed, it is more difficult. The small number of fires which take place in residences should influence not only the insurance companies, but the City Council. Any policy which prevents the wage-earners from erecting dwellings of their own at the smallest possible expense is a bad one.

THE "Canadian Gazette" gives us the following information as to how we are likely to be governed:

"A curious report has, we see, found its way into the Canadian press, namely, that the Duke of Marlborough may succeed Lord Minto as Governor-General of Canada. Personally, no doubt, the duke would be an acceptable representative of the Sovereign, but the fact that his wife is an American—she was a Miss Vanderbilt—may reasonably be expected to raise difficulties in the way of what might otherwise be a most happy selection. The name of Mr. Wyndham has also been mentioned of late in connection with the Governor-Generalship. Needless to say, Canadians would feel highly honored should so promising a British statesman regard the position as the step upward in his career which it should undoubtedly prove. Mr. Wyndham has courtesy, tact, and no small gift of statesmanship. He is the proud possessor of a certain measure of French descent, and his wife, the

of every day, the food and contact which have such possibilities to make our lives either happy or miserable, cannot be obtained in the Latin-American republics at any price. One has to begin life there thoroughly understanding that circumstances of every kind must be different as well as difficult. Those who go to Latin America and marry women of that country are to a great extent aliens in their own households as well as foreigners in the eyes of their neighbors. I doubt if women ever quite accustom themselves to men of a different language and not too acceptable nationality. A man born in a Northern climate can hardly adapt himself to the deadly monotony of Southern heat. The opportunities to make money are better, in my estimation, in the cold of the far North than in the heat of the far South. No matter what the privations may mean in the intense cold, the privations of the intense heat and the circumstances which surround the sweating life are infinitely more discouraging. I have no sympathy with the idea of Canadians going to foreign countries where they will always speak the language of people who are of an alien and will always be regarded as suspects. Scarcely a week passes that I do not have to do with those who know that I am more or less familiar with these Southern countries, and while I am sure that I am always loyal to the friends I have made in the South, I never advise a man or a woman to leave the country with which they are acquainted and in which they are at home, to start life over again in a country in which they will never be fully acquainted, and in which they will never be quite at home. Of course to some people the new life would be a revelation and the new circumstances an advantage, but this sort of thing cannot be hoped for in more than one case out of a hundred. My first experience in Latin America was when I had barely come of age, and the circumstances surrounding it were filled with the romance of change and made easy by the kindness of people who adopted me as one of their own. Going back to the country several times and living there for months after I quite knew that I had arrived at maturity, convinced me that I would rather suffer from the afflictions of a cold climate than be an adopted outsider in one which agreed much better with my health.

MASTER-IN-ORDINARY HODGINS on Wednesday criticized very severely the liquidators of the Atlas Loan Company of St. Thomas. He pointed out that the Elgin Loan Company, another insolvent concern, had paid a dividend, while the Atlas Loan had failed to do anything of the sort. He said, "Slow justice is positive injustice." Upon enquiring as to what had become of the Atlas securities, Mr. Home Smith, secretary of the National Trust Company, is reported to have said, "The Atlas securities are largely mortgages of doubtful titles; many of the good mortgages were given to the Metropolitan Bank to secure advances." Upon the Master-in-Ordinary enquiring as to what became of these advances, Mr. Smith is reported as having said, "They were invested in stock on margins, which resulted in heavy losses." Mr. Smith also explained that a great many of the depositors and creditors—some hundred and fifty—had not sent in their claims. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hodgins will see that this trouble with the Atlas Loan is not pushed under the barn by interested people. That there is "funny business" in connection with it seems evident; it is equally evident that the men on the bench should see that nothing of the sort be permitted.

THE whole university question is being opened by the conflict of the authorities of Trinity and the discussion with regard to the future of Queen's—the Presbyterian institution in Kingston. The matter is interesting as well as instructive. The result of the trouble will be to decide in the Province of Ontario whether state aid is to be given to theological factories which have crept rather than citizenship as the mould into which the student is to be cast. It has always been the opinion of this newspaper that Queen's should not be subsidized. Thoughtful people, except such as were dominated by the late Principal Grant, were always of this opinion. Since the death of the revered head of the Presbyterian institution in Kingston, new arrangements have been made, and as in the case of Trinity, the sectarian attachment of the Presbyterians has developed to a considerable extent. It is now proposed to retain the Church alliance, which would make it very difficult indeed for the Ontario Government to subsidize either their school of science or any department of the institution. Of course if the Ontario Government is to go into the business of making Presbyterians or preparing young men for the Presbyterian ministry, it must also go into the business of preparing Baptists, Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and everybody of any creed in the same way. This hardly do, and it would be much wiser for the Government to cut out the whole business than to take on a task which will be exceedingly difficult.

ONE of the most difficult things to understand is the attitude of the "News" towards the Premier of the Province of Ontario. The vengeance of the editor is visited without restraint upon a man who inherited a Cabinet and has been in such particular straits that he could not change it. If, as the "News" says, Mr. Ross is a very weak man and has to be whipped for everything his colleagues do, why has he not been reelected by a stronger one? As a matter of fact, those who know Mr. Ross believe that he has tried to save his colleagues rather than to save himself. Nobody has impugned the honesty of his personal relation to the public funds. Nobody has suggested that he has not worked early and late; his industry cannot be denied. It seems a poor policy for a newspaper assuming to be independent and desiring the best interests of the community to proceed to the flagellation of a man who is undeniably honest, industrious, capable, and the greatest master of speech-making in the Dominion of Canada, if not in North America. Those who live in the scorching light of public criticism and have never been discovered in an improper posture, should be treated more kindly than this. The world is not an easy place for the best or the worst of us; it should not be made the worst for the best of us.

Social and Personal.

The Island clubhouse will be closed for the season commencing Monday, September 21st. On Monday, September 21st, the club launch will not run after 6.30 p.m., the evening trips being discontinued for the season.

Miss May Beddome of London, who is to be one of Miss Buchanan's bridesmaids, is visiting at Stanley Barracks.

The Wednesday polo, although not quite such a dashing game as that of Monday, was quite as interesting, almost too much so for the relatives of Captain Elmsley and Mr. Ewart Osborne, who were thrown over their ponies' heads during the game. The gallant Jim made one of the neatest tumbles ever seen, turning a complete somersault and causing a sigh of suspense from the grand stand in the tense second while he lay on the ground. He is a big man, and fell much more heavily than the agile and cunning polo player, Mr. Osborne, and while the latter was on his horse in a moment, Captain Elmsley was so dazed by the shock of his rude descent that he had to retire from the match, his place being taken by Mr. Osborne. The game went to Montreal, as a good many said it would, the heavyweights being terrors on the rush when they get the ball; they rode down the goalkeeper once and broke his collar-bone. A huge crowd of smart people were present, the ladies looking fascinating in midsummer gowns, some of them coming on in very smart frocks from the weddings of the earlier afternoon. A few of the spectators were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Major and Mrs. Williams, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. W. Johnstone, Mrs. Strachan Johnston, Miss Boulton of Iver House, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Sullivan, Mrs. Campbell Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mrs. Plunkett Magann, Mrs. the Misses and the Messrs. Elmsley, Messrs. Osborne, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bickford, Mr. Oscar Bickford, Miss Van Felson, Miss Helen Beardmore, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, Dr. and Mrs. Peters and their guest Miss Labatt, the Misses Palin, Miss Essy Case, Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mr. G. A. Case, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. John Boulton, Miss Boulton, Mr. Boulton. A coach load of tourists from the King Edward watched the game from their lordly equipages and so did many a small boy from fences and telegraph poles. Captain Harold Bickford was an umpire, with Hon. J. Macguthrie of Calgary.

A presentation of a handsome quarter-oak cabinet was made to Mrs. Pauline Meyer on "American Visitors" day last week by her employees of Exhibition season.

Major Victor Williams had a most gratifying success in his recent examinations in England, winning the maximum of marks, and distancing all his competitors. He is, therefore, "A.1. to go, as well as to look," which is a rare combination.

Mrs. and Miss Lola Henderson are en pension at Iver

Holme, St. George street. Mrs. Kerr of Rathnally has gone to England. Miss Daisy Patteson is visiting friends in Ottawa. Rev. Cameron Wilson is spending a short visit in Ottawa. Miss Mildred Montizambert remained over en route from Muskoka to Quebec to visit friends in town.

Mr. A. R. Creelman is in London, having succeeded in getting a short holiday, which he is enjoying with Mrs. and the Misses Creelman before they sail for Canada on the 28th. I believe they return on the "Tunisian." Mr. Jack Creelman returned from England and the Continent some weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers are at the King Edward, and will rent their home in Jarvis street for the season. Mr. Edgar Carruthers has gone abroad.

Captain and Mrs. Burnham are making improvements in their home, 132 St. George street, to which they returned last month.

Miss Knox of Haverhill College has sent out cards for an evening reception next Monday, to which her friends are invited to meet Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, the ladies who in their Oriental travels have made the discovery of a wonderful old Bible. These ladies came out from England over a fortnight ago.

Miss Norah Sullivan is with her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Carbrooke, at Longuiss, Georgian Bay, the Campbells' summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson, who have spent the summer at Oasis, will soon return to town. Their St. George street house is again for rent, though indeed in the house famine it may be already occupied.

At noon on Wednesday at St. John's Church, Portland street, Dr. Russell Birge of Cleveland, O., and Edith Eleanor, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Clark, were married. The church was decorated with yellow flowers, and the festal altar hangings given to the church some years ago by Mrs. Clark were used. Rev. Alexander Williams, rector of St. Stephen's, officiated. The bride entered the church with her father, who gave her away. She wore a gown of ivory duchesse satin, with a berthe of old lace, worn by her mother on the occasion of her marriage. The skirt was softened by ruchings and shirings of chiffon, and a large horseshoe of orange blossoms was fastened on the train. She also wore a wreath of the same flowers, and a tulle veil, her only ornaments being a pendant of amethysts and whole pearls on a tiny chain, and a pearl ring, the gifts of the bridegroom. Miss Agatha Hodgins, Miss Cleo McArthur and Miss Mollie Turner were bridesmaids, in cream silk organdie over tulle slips. The overdresses were shirred and were trimmed with silk Cluny lace, and large black picture hats were worn. The little shamrock brooches set with pearls were the gifts of the groom. The bride's bouquet was of white roses and those of her maids of pink roses. Dr. Cranston of Boston was best man, and Doctors Green, Ladd, and Perkins, all of Cleveland, O., were the ushers. Immediately after the ceremony the bride and party and guests adjourned to Iver House, 74 St. George street, where a handsome suite of apartments, decorated with pink flowers, were reserved for the reception and breakfast. Mrs. Clark, mother of the bride, wore a handsome gown of black crepe de chine, touched with white, with a toque of sequins, tulle and feathers; Mrs. Birge, mother of the groom, black silk organdie, and a black bonnet. The bride went away in a tailor-made suit of navy broadcloth over a white silk blouse, and a smart hat of white lace, straw, and chenille, with blue, and some handsome wigs.

The stork called on Mr. and Mrs. Bull of Avenue road on the 10th with a small daughter.

Lady Gzowski, General and Mrs. Sandham, left on Tuesday for England, where Lady Gzowski will spend the winter.

News of the terribly sad and sudden death of Mr. J. Frank Shearer, brother of the charming young artist, Katherine Shearer, reached me this week. Mr. Shearer had come home to Detroit for his vacation, and was attending an automobile race at Grosse Ile when an auto crashed into the place he occupied and hurled his mangled remains sixty feet away from the spot. Many Toronto people who recall the talent and chic of Miss Shearer will send her sympathy in the blow which has fallen on her. Mr. Shearer was a very promising, bright fellow only twenty-four years of age.

I hear that Rosedale House has speedily found a purchaser, and that it will be the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock. Mr. and Mrs. Mulock are returning this autumn from abroad, and, I understand, Rosedale House will be torn down and a delightfully modern and artistic house erected. Those to whom the beauties of its environment and situation are dear will be glad the place is not to be cut up into building lots, as was feared would be its fate.

Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray, who is extending her repertoire under Madame Eugenie Pappenheim, a celebrated vocal teacher in New York, will return to Toronto next month. Miss Jaffray, between study hours, is having a jolly visit.

Mrs. and Miss Essy Case are home from their summer vacation. Miss Gladys Nordheimer has returned from Murray Bay. Miss Jessie Waldie of Glenhurst and her brother have returned from the Continent. Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne is home from the St. Lawrence. Mrs. Boulton and Miss Grace Boulton have returned from the White Mountains, and were interested spectators of the polo matches this week.

Miss Moss, who went over to London after the sad death of her sister, Mrs. Sprigge, and has since been looking after her little nephew and niece, has been spending some time at Mordington with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Renton.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet are at Mrs. Duckworth's for the winter.

"Woodbine," the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Karn, at Woodstock, was the scene of a happy event at half-past two o'clock on Wednesday, when their second daughter, Louise Edna, was married to Mr. Thomas Drew Smith of Toronto. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a robe of white silk crepe de chine, with trimmings of rose point lace, a wreath of orange flowers and tulle veil, and carried a bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Lily Ellis of Toronto and Miss Annie McKee of Woodstock were the bridesmaids. Their dresses were of white silk, with erie lace trimmings, and white chiffon hats; they carried deep pink roses and wore pearl star brooches, the gift of the groom. Mr. Duncan Coulson and Mr. Harry Hees of Toronto were groomsmen, and received souvenir pins of pearl horseshoes from the groom. A reception followed the ceremony. Mrs. Karn, the mother of the bride, received in black broadcloth silk grenadine over lavender tulle, and bonnet to match. Mrs. Stanbury of New York, sister of the bride, wore pale grey silk, with erie lace, and a black velvet hat. Mrs. Smith of Mount Forest, mother of the groom, wore black. Among those from Toronto invited to the wedding were Hon. J. R. and Mrs. Stratton, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith, Miss Euphemia Smith, Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Dr. D. King Smith, Mr. Stanley Wellington, Mr. James Douglas, Mr. Donald Bremner, Mr. Norman Cosh, Mr. Crown Gurney, Mr. Harry McMillan, Mr. Arthur Allan, Miss Edith Wilkie, Miss Maud Millicamp, Miss Maud Proctor, Mrs. Horrocks.

Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross have taken apartments at 31 Wilcox street for the winter.

The marriage of Miss Ellen Frances Antoinette Crease and Mr. Clarence William Montgomery was celebrated in St. George's Church, John street, on Wednesday afternoon at half past two o'clock, Rev. Marmaduke Hare officiating. The church was very prettily decorated with palms and flowers of the autumn by the girl friends of the bride, who is very much beloved by a large circle, and as an only child is the idol of her home. Mr. Anthony Henry Crease brought in his daughter and gave her away, the bride's procession being led by two ushers and the attendants being Miss Meta Macbeth of Toronto and Miss Middleford of Mobile, Ala., who was maid of honor. Miss Crease's bridal gown was of rich liberty satin and was sent her by her grandmother. Some very beautiful lace partially veiled the lustrous fabric, and the pretty neck and arms of the bride, who is a petite and dainty lady. The sleeves were cascaded from the elbows with deep pointed frills of lace, and the wreath of orange blossoms was lightly garlanded over a tulle veil. The whole effect was delicate and beautiful, and murmurs of affectionate admiration were many as the little bride passed up the aisle. The maid of honor and

bridesmaid were very smart in rose pink mousseline, shirred on cord, and trimmed with applications and bouffes of very handsome fine white lace. They carried sheaves of pink roses and wore black picture hats. The bride's bouquet was of full-blown white roses, and a cascade of baby ribbons wreathed with lily of the valley, as pretty as could be. Mr. Frederic de Courcey O'Grady of Montreal was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Harry MacMillan, Mr. Cecil Merritt, Mr. G. R. Sweeney, and Mr. John Montgomery, brother of the groom, was bride's usher. At the conclusion of the ceremony, during which Mr. Phillips played soft and appropriate music, the bride and party and guests drove to the residence of Mr. Crease in Huron street, and a reception was held. Mrs. Crease received in a handsome black lace gown and hat, and the sweet little bride was wished all happiness by her loving friends, and, reviving their sentiments, by Rev. Marmaduke Hare, who during the dejeuner, which was served in a marquee in the garden, proposed the health of the bride and groom in a very happy speech. The groom responded with great success. The bride's cake was cut and the bride and groom left on their bridal tour across the lines at 5.20, the bride going away in a smart traveling suit of blue serge with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery will reside in Bridgewater, N.S., a somewhat remote part of the province, until the new railway is finished. A few of the guests at the reception were Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Macbeth, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Dr. and Mrs. Spragge, Miss Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Miss Harman, Mr. and Mrs. George Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Jarvis (nee Montgomery) and her sister, Mrs. W. de Leigh Wilson, being a remarkably handsome pair, Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, Mrs. Chris Baines, Miss Alice Baines, Mr. and Miss Darling of Ravensmount, Mrs. Ridout, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. W. Wilson, the Misses Keating, Mr. Davidson Harman, Mrs. Sylvester, Miss Middleton, Miss Marion Barker. The wedding presents were lovely and were arranged in an upper room, where they were viewed by the guests, with many wishes that the home in the far East which they will adorn may be as happy as the charm of an unusually sweet little woman and the devotion of a fine young man can make it.

Colonel and Mrs. George T. Denison entertained at dinner at Heydon Villa on Tuesday evening in honor of some of our distinguished visitors from England. Covers were laid for sixteen, the guests of honor being Hon. Thomas and Lady Idina Brassey, Sir George and Lady Bartley, Hon. Mr. Peel, His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Ridout of Rosedale House, Colonel Grasett, Mrs. Cattanaoh, Mr. Small, Mrs. Fred Grasett, completed the party. Several other dinners, equally impromptu, in honor of visitors from across the seas have been enjoyed during the past week.

Mrs. Baldwin of Masquatch gave a pleasant tea one afternoon this week for Mrs. Charles Baldwin (nee Laycock), who looked very well in a lovely white dress of silk and chiffon, with fine lace. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin have been the guests of Mrs. Baldwin during a short visit to Toronto.

Miss Alice Coverton has returned from England.

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis (nee Montgomery), who has spent the summer in Canada, is returning at once to St. Louis, to rejoin her husband.

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Lukes, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lukes, and Mr. Arthur Graeme Slaght, took place on Thursday at St. Thomas's Church, at half-past two o'clock. Rev. Father Davenport was the officiating minister. Miss Lukes was brought in and given away by her father, and was a picture in her bridal robe and veil. On her happy "coming out" a few short seasons ago Miss Lukes was named the pretty Puritan maid by a very exalted personage who admired her distinctive style, and on her wedding day, with her soft golden hair quaintly banded on her fair brows, she was indeed a sweetly pretty bride. The robe des noces was of white crepe de chine, with folds encircling the jupe, and a train falling in a fan from the shoulders. Over a shirred guimpe of net was a large collar of exquisite lace (ivory tinted with age, and the gift of the bride's grandmother), which opened at the neck to show the pearl-seeded guimpe. A veil of Brussels net edged with old rose point and orange blossoms were worn, and the bride's bouquet was of white roses. Two attendants, a maid of honor and a little bridesmaid, were the other members of the bride's procession, both of them being "Evelyns," the bride's name also. They were Miss Evelyn Collins and little Miss Evelyn Walker, who wore white point d'esprit dresses over chiffon and silk with deep red sashes and poke hats, and carried dahlias tied with deep red ribbons. Mr. Roy Slaght was best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Macdonnell, Gale, and Kerr of Hamilton. After the ceremony the wedding reception was held at 502 Huron street, where Mr. and Mrs. Lukes received the guests, with Mrs. Slaght, mother of the groom. Mrs. Lukes wore a handsome gown of mauve with hat to correspond. Many exquisite gifts were offered to the happy bride, which, I am happy to say, will adorn her new home in Avenue road, as the young couple are to reside in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Slaght went east on their honeymoon, the bride going away in a pretty tweed traveling costume and rustic hat crowned with berries, white and colored.

Invitations were out on Thursday to the marriage of Miss Isabel Fahey, youngest daughter of Mr. William Fahey, and Rev. George H. Wilson, rector of St. Michael's parish, Vancouver. The marriage will take place on October 1st in the Church of the Ascension, and will be followed by a reception at 161 Jameson avenue, Parkdale, the home of the bride's sister, after which the couple will leave for Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Parker sail this week for Canada after a charming holiday abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brooke of Jarvis street celebrated their golden wedding last Sunday, September 13th. Mrs. Brooke (nee Capron of Paris) was a toast and beauty of Western Ontario half a century ago, and one of the loveliest brides who, like young Lochinvar, "came out of the west." It will surprise many of their friends to realize that the couple who last Sunday received congratulations have completed so long a term of happiness, for they are both still interested and active members of their bright circle.

A pretty aster wedding took place Wednesday afternoon at "The Retreat," the residence in Berlin of Mr. P. E. W. Moyer, when her daughter Ellen Elizabeth was married to Mr. Charles E. Winters of Toronto. The bride wore a rich costume of cream silk coleridge over tulle, with trimmings of applique. She carried a shower bouquet of white bride's roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Ada Moyer, sister of the bride, who wore pink organdie and carried pink roses. Little Miss Doris Moyer and Master Carl Moyer of Toronto made very sweet flower girl and page respectively. Misses Lilian Moyer of Berlin, Ethel and Jean Winters and Josephine Blatchly of Toronto, were the ribbon girls. The bride was given away by her brother, W. A. E. Moyer of Toronto. The groomsmen was the groom's brother, Dr. G. A. Winters of Toronto. Rev. D. W. Snider, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. J. W. German, also of Berlin. Miss Mary Moyer played the wedding march. The young couple left for Montreal and Quebec by boat, to spend their honeymoon. Among the gifts received was a house and lot, presented by Mr. J. R. E. Winters of Toronto, father of the groom, and a cabinet of silver from the bride's two brothers, Charles J. W. and A. Edward Moyer of Winnipeg. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome diamond ring and a pearl crescent to the bridesmaid. The members of the firm by whom the groom is employed sent some rare china, and the office and traveling staff a beautiful bronze clock.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Ethel Katherine McDowall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. McDowall of Kingston, to William Lazier McFarland of Markdale. The ceremony will take place on the 24th of September in St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, at 10.30 a.m.

Among recently registered guests at the Welland are Miss A. E. Wild of Rochester, Mr. L. H. and Mrs. Prescott of Cleveland, Mr. Arthur and Mrs. Burtis of New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. Milligan, Miss Milligan, Mrs. John Helm, of Port Hope; Mrs. M. H. Wyman of Merton Center, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hablston of Richmond, Va., Mrs. and Miss Seaton of St. Louis, Rev. R. A. Mayo of West River, Md.; Mr. S. P. and Mrs. Palmer, Miss Palmer, Mrs. W. T. Murray, Miss Murray, Mr. George H. and Mrs. Campbell, of Toronto.

Mr. Wind and the Waves gave a party one evening on Lake Ontario in honor of their most intimate friend, Mr. Swell, who came dressed in his newest suit, made for the occasion, and wearing his most beautiful changeable white cap.

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The Cloud family had been very busy all the morning and afternoon carrying invitations and giving occasional hints as to the nature of the party, and all the passengers on board the steamer "C—" had the pleasure of attending this party and meeting Mr. Swell at his best; and while Mr. Wind whistled and sang his most remarkable solos, Mr. Swell showed his skill in the art of rolling and tumbling, and the guests literally walked and fell over each other in their efforts to reach the edge of the boat and show their appreciation of his efforts in their behalf. The louder and stronger Mr. Wind whistled the easier and higher Mr. Swell exercised, until the number of those bowing down to do him homage, as the boat rose, fell, and careened from side to side increased; several went to the cabin that the right hand perhaps might not know what the left was giving and preparing to sacrifice, in his honor. It is no uncommon thing for people to give money, work and time for the success of some enterprise or entertainment in which they are interested, but when strong men and women, old and young, rich and poor, lovers and friends, give without reserve their last supper or dinner as the case may be, it is evident the occasion is an unusual one and one not likely to be soon forgotten, at least by those participating. Such generosity, however, was witnessed the evening of which we speak, and, as is usually the case, the donors felt the better the following day for having shared—with the fishes, even—their possessions. As usual, too, the wallflowers were present, but for once they were looked upon with admiration and envy, instead of pity, as they sat in their places quite indifferent to this most remarkable of Swells, with an occasional smile playing upon their faces, as they beheld people ordinarily indifferent to appeals for generosity, giving, sharing to such an extent with the least of God's—fanny—creatures, without even stopping to ask how much Mr. So-and-so was donating, for the wallflowers were not seasick.

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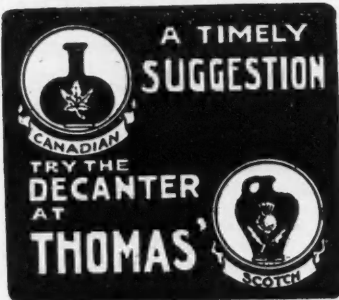
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hats and rain coats. It is
equally so in furs.

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Social and Personal.

INVITATIONS were out on Wednes-
day to the marriage of Miss
Alice Irene Kemp, elder daughter
of Mr. Albert E. Kemp of Castle
Frank, and Mr. Walter Scott Waldie,
eldest son of Mr. Waldie of Glenhurst,
Rosedale. The marriage takes place at
Castle Frank on Wednesday, October 7,
at three o'clock.

The marriage of Miss Emily Gerhard
Heintzman and Mr. Bascom takes place
on October 6, at the German Lutheran
Church, at half-past two o'clock, and
will be followed by a reception at Tan-
nenheim, the beautiful residence of the
bride's parents in Bloor street east.
Tannenheim is situated on the south
crest of Rosedale Ravine, and the pretty
grounds run down to the foot of the
bank. During the past summer Mr. and
Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman returned from
a Continental tour, and the welcome
home they received from their children
and relatives included a decoration of
their garden with lanterns and all the
pretty devices the German folk know by
heart. It was so purely a spontaneous
family affair that no one knew about all
the trouble taken to make the home-
coming a fete of pretty memory for the
parents except one or two privileged
ones, who didn't give it away.

Mrs. Alfred T. Smith of "The Niagara,"
Buffalo, returned home on Saturday,
charmed with her visit to Toronto, par-
ticularly enjoying a country ride on the
Irish jaunting car, during which the
party of which she was guest of honor
stopped for luncheon at the Hunt Club.
In common with all other visitors, the
bright Buffalonian admired this sylvan
resort of the elite.

Not to see "A Country Girl," as
played by the Bandmann Opera Com-
pany, which began their season on this
side of the ocean in July, at St. John's,
Nfld., is to miss a very enjoyable per-
formance. "Nan," the Devonshire lass,
and Barry, the sailor man, are simply
splendid, and the fine voice of the Rajah
of Bhong and the very pretty Princess
of that Oriental state, with the ringing
bass of the naval officer, who contradicts
the usual tradition of a sailor's fickle-
ness, are all far above the average local
ism Toronto gets from the average light
opera company. The opera has been
trimmed of all the coronation music
which boomed it in London last year,
and the solo, "Mr. and Mrs. Brown," the
grandduchess, "Pink Hungarian Band,"
and a solo by Mrs. Quinten Raikes are
left out of the present presentation. It
is, however, quite a good thing to go to
the Grand for this week, and the young
men about town are whistling "Molly,
the Marchioness," and "Coo" all about
the streets. "Peace, Peace," was already
a classic of the boulevard, thanks to the
organ-grinders.

Nine brides are Hymen's harvest so
far for September and October, and I
am hoping the famous "baker's dozen"
may be the final tally of the social mat-
rimonial events.

The Daughters of the Empire changed
the date of their visit to the "Made in
Canada" Exhibition, and went up in a
special car on Monday, with the Lieu-
tenant-Governor and his party, to Ham-
ilton, where they had a most delightful
day and were the recipients of the well-
known hospitality of the charming re-
gent, Mrs. P. D. Cramer, and other Ham-
ilton women, who have absolutely nothing
to learn in the art of entertaining. A
few of the patriots also went up on
Tuesday and others later in the week.
The exhibit is fascinating in form and
interest, and is distinctly a grand suc-
cess.

Weather permitting, the Automobile
Club will run to Cobourg to-day, start-
ing from the Queen's Park at ten o'clock,
for a Saturday-to-Monday visit. They
are looking forward to a grand time, of
which I hope to give some details later.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bruce of New
York are visiting Colonel and Mrs. John
Bruce at their home in Bleeker street,
where Mrs. Harry Bruce (nee Bowes)
will receive with her hostess next Thurs-
day. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce are away on a
short visit out of town over Sunday, but
will return early in the week and remain
here until September 28.

The polo tournament which has been
on this week has given the spectators a
most exciting and interesting exhibition
of the Oriental game as played by Ameri-
can experts. The teams include the far
West men from Calgary, a quartette of
sporty fellows who did their best to
down the Rochester team on Monday af-
ternoon, but were beaten by swifter
ponies and more dashing play on the side
of the men from the "Star-Vesprent." The
Montreal and Toronto teams were
billed for collision on Wednesday after-
noon, and the enthusiasm of the Mon-
day witnesses of the really fine game of
that day influenced the attendance. No
game gives the same fun and excitement
in the same time to the uninitiated
spectator as polo. An infant can see
what is doing and how well or how ill it
is done, and a veteran can follow the ex-
pert and rejoice in his cunning or skill.
Dash, science and staying power must
have their fullest development in the
good polo player, not only men, but
pony, for the knowing polo pony can
save many a forlorn hope, and but a
trickiest beast seem to give with great
discretion and discrimination sometimes,
can interfere with an opponent or send
a ball flying out of a dangerous spot.
They can also body-check the ball, with
barely a wince, and it's quite wonderful
how gamely they take the frequent pep-
pering they thus receive. Polo is a
great game, and men and women, in
spite of the broiling weather, have
grown vocally enthusiastic over the
match this week. At time of writing,
the championship match had still to be
played, and, given fine weather, should
be witnessed by a very large crowd. No
other way can so much fun and excite-
ment be had by all as at a good polo
match.

A dainty little bride of this week en-
tertained half a dozen of her chums for
afternoon tea on Tuesday, after which
the girls cast admiring eyes at the lov-
ely trousseau and presents and tenderly
bid farewell to their girl friend, in some
cases with a furtive tear born of the
feeling that no matter how girls love
each other, when the creature man takes
his place as king of the castle "life is

never the same again." This year in
Toronto bids fair to be a record-breaker
in the number of Toronto girls who have
worn orange blossoms.

The October brides are engrossed in
the consideration of their trousseau fix-
ing, and are to be some of Toronto's
prettiest and most esteemed girls. At
one of the October weddings the fashion
of having as the bride's chief attendant
a "matron" instead of a "maid" of hon-
or, will set the seal on a very charming
friendship which has long existed be-
tween two of Toronto's most handsome
and lovable young women.

Mrs. M. W. McGillivray of 16 Sussex
avenue returned on Sunday from a two
weeks' visit in New York.

Mrs. W. A. Geddes and Miss Agatha
Geddes have returned home after an
enjoyable trip through British Columbia.

Mrs. J. E. Hart, 1480 Queen street
west, will be at home on Friday, Septem-
ber 25, from 4 to 7 o'clock, and will af-
terwards receive the first Friday of each
month.

Dr. Dame sailed from New York on
Tuesday for a special course at Moor-
field Hospital, London, and the hospitals
of Vienna.

Mrs. W. T. Hamer of East Toronto is
visiting friends at Kingston. Mr. Hamer
leaves on Saturday for Kingston, and
from there Mrs. Hamer and he will take
a few weeks' holidays, visiting Quebec,
Portland, Boston and New York.

Mrs. J. Bolton Reade (nee Edwards)
held her post-nuptial reception on Sep-
tember 16 and 17, from 4 to 7, at 28
Jameson avenue.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lad—An adventress is a woman who
is bright enough to beat you at your
own game.

Young—Yes; it is possible to be hap-
py though a millionaire, but it is usually
a very costly experiment.

Hoosier—The best way to send a small
package from New York to San Fran-
cisco, Cal., is westward.

Beaks—If you are sensitive about the
redness of your nose, and are that kind
of a man, keep on drinking. It will pre-
sently turn purple.

Eager—Replying to your question as
to how long girls should be engaged, it
seems to me that they should be engaged
in the same manner as short girls.

Petty—Though your lot may be ob-
scure, do not despair. Some day you may
become prosperous enough to build "a

The way for a lady to tell the difference
between ordinary fine cloth garments and
those made from



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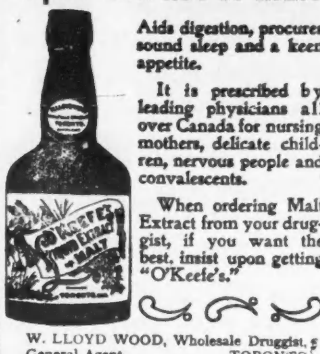
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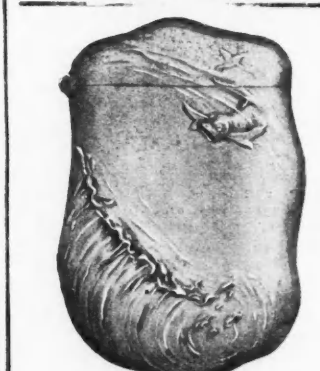
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should say, "Thank you, sir!" Speak
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be all through before he hits the floor;
and then add, addressing your fellow-
passengers, "Has some other gentleman
a pocket flask, from which he will favor
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"I shall be upon the Pier to-night,"
his note said. "I am tired of this dilly-
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I shall be watching your approach. If you
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breast. If I am but another fool in your

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—Shakespeare.

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WANEDA.

Written for "Saturday Night."
By Flora MacDonald

WAS she an Indian girl, with a trace of Italian or Spanish blood, or was she the daughter of an East Indian pundit, who had come to this country to teach Christians a better philosophy and had fallen in love with some squaw?

No matter. Waneda had the soul-stuff of centuries behind those wonderful black eyes, and all the gloss and brilliancy and heat and cold of sunbeams and moon glints in the bundles of wavy black hair.

Where had she picked up the band of jingly coins which she wore on her head? No one ever saw Waneda without her coins.

Then the short skirt, with that broad band of Mexican embroidery in Persian colorings. What a mixture of designs and shades, put together with a bold recklessness, and yet never an inharmonious note in her whole costume!

Beautiful, wonderful, inspiring Waneda—dreaming dreams or building castles or remembering—for, after all, are the dreams of our imagination only memories, or perhaps prophecies?

And what shall we say of him, of the first and only man who had ever quickened the pulse or dyed the dusky cheek of Waneda?

He was from a far-off city, had bid a wife and daughter an affectionate goodbye but a week before. He was civilized and scholarly, cold and calculating.

Even the laurel wreath which had rested lightly on his brow for almost a score of years had only convinced him that he was endowed with an intellect and wise enough to make use of it. He possibly knew that it was an advantage to be over six feet high, of magnificent physique and handsome face, but a student clever enough to see so much beyond that what he had accomplished did not appear much to him or make him conscious of his greatness.

He had wandered some five or six miles from the small Mexican town, and sat down on a fallen palmetto tree at the edge of a grove.

What difference where Waneda came from or who she was?

"Why, my beautiful princess, have the gods sent you to break the monotony of the dullest day of all my life?"

The lips smiled, the bright eyes flashed.

"Yes, I have come and you have come. A better seat is just inside the grove."

Without a word, he followed her and when they were seated:

"Tell me," she said, "why you came."

"I came to see you." And it did not sound like a lie.

"Tell me what I shall call you?"

He laughed, and thought of Shakespeare's rose. Then he thought of his own important name, that looked so well in print, and then he told another lie that sounded like the truth.

"My name, dear girl, is Bill. Just call me Bill. And what shall I call you?"

"I am Waneda, and I do wish you had a nicer name than Bill. It sounds so hard, and one has to keep it."

"Quite true, Waneda. Yours is a name one can linger over, and having finished saying it, repeat it over to listen again to its music—Waneda."

"If you are rested, we will walk."

"Just as you wish, little princess. Now tell me where you got your name, Waneda."

"I never got it; it was always mine. It grew up with me, and you were always mine, but you have been such a long time coming."

She placed her little, dark hand in his and silently they walked for many minutes.

What had he found? Was it possible that a little, dark, weird thing, however beautiful, could actually affect him?

Why, he was wise, and had such keen, analytical ability. He had reasoned out this thing called love long ago. Yes, of course he loved his wife and daughter, but after all it was just one of the phases that went to make up the drama of life. Now—now as he walked he seemed to be intensely alive—fear—wonder—but sublime ecstasy.

"Do you know, Waneda, that you have intoxicated me? Let us go back and sit down, that I may look into your beautiful eyes. And so you have been waiting for me, dear one. Now that I have come are you glad?"

Tears came into the wondrous dark eyes. She cuddled up close to his arm and leaned against him. A tired sigh blended with the words "So glad." He put his arm about the little crouching figure.

The sun had almost faded from the sky, and far above it the thin little new crescent could be seen in silvery pale-ness.

Her wavy black hair scintillated in the dying light. With his free hand he brushed it back from her forehead and lovingly stroked stray bunches of it. The only sound to break the stillness was when one coin jingled its metallic edge against another.

He wished that time had stopped and this could be the eternal now of life. This must be what sages thought of when they spoke of heaven.

Quick as lightning's flash, Waneda leaped from his arms, jumped upon the fallen tree and threw her arms about his neck.

"Now I must go, but you will come again to-morrow. Yes, each to-morrow you will come, and each night you will stay later, for the moon will grow. Then when it is round and full and all the stars are twinkling and laughing, then we will be married, you and I."

A little brown hand was on each side of the handsome, intellectual face. A moment she looked in his eyes. Her lips met his. He was about to clasp her in his arms, but she made a dart and disappeared among the tall palmettos.

"Well, I'll be blotted!" came the unromantic remark. He called himself a few fools, took off his hat, and started back to the clearance. Having crossed a railroad track on his way with Waneda, he decided to follow it back to town.

A train passed him when part way there. He was never more grateful for any happening in his life. The fiery headlight, the rumble and roar of the engine, all suited his mood. He could have yelled with delight, sworn with madness, cursed with disappointment, and when the sound of the train had

gleamed and glinted, reflected from leaf or bush or log. Myriad stars, dimmed slightly by the brilliant moonlight, twinkled and sparkled in "that inverted bowl we call the sky."

Waneda was first at the palmetto log. "He is late to-night, but I have been impatient."

Minutes passed—long anxious minutes.

The night so beautiful, but waiting so wearily.

Not a sound. What could have kept him?

An hour dragged slowly along. Was this a longer night than ever night had been before?

Ten o'clock and hope had changed to doubts and fears. Had all the universe stopped still?

The eager face so bright, so full of hope and faithful trust, was now so pale and pained.

Eleven o'clock! Hope gone; wild, fearful eyes, and then the thought, the knowledge—he will not come!

The small hands clenched, the teeth set firm. Agony and despair! And nearly twelve o'clock!

A faint sound of the whistle of the midnight train leaving the town.

Waneda walked towards the track. On, on—swifter, ever swifter the roaring engine came. The head-light looked like the eye of some evil monster. Dashing, crashing, rumbling, the midnight train passed on—on to where he had gone.

Waneda had said the words to the Great God and the full moon and the stars were the silent witnesses.

The Symphony.

Carry me home to the pine-wood;
Give me to rest by the sea;
Leave me alone with the lulling tone
Of the south wind's phantasy.

For I am weary of discord,
Sick of the clash of this strife,
Sick of the bane of this prelude of pain.
And I yearn for the Symphony—Life.
—Robert Haven Schaufusser in "Scribner's."

The Root of the Matter.

He Cured Himself of Serious Stomach Trouble, by Getting Down to First Principles.

A man of large affairs in one of our prominent eastern cities by too close attention to business, too little exercise and too many club dinners, finally began to pay nature's tax, levied in the form of chronic stomach trouble; the failure of his digestion brought about a nervous irritability, making it impossible to apply himself to his daily business, and finally deranging the kidneys and heart.

In his own words he says: "I consulted one physician after another, and each one seemed to understand my case, but all the same they each failed to bring about the return of my former digestion, appetite and vigor. For two years I went from pillar to post, from one sanitarium to another; I gave up smoking, I quit coffee and even renounced my daily glass or two of beer, but without any marked improvement.

"Friends had often advised me to try a well-known proprietary medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and I had often perused the newspaper advertisement of the remedy, but never took any stock in advertised medicines nor could believe a fifty-cent patent medicine would touch my case.

"To make a long story short, I finally bought a couple of packages at the nearest drug store and took two or three tablets after each meal and occasionally a tablet between meals, when I felt any feeling of nausea or discomfort.

"I was surprised at the end of the first week to note a marked improvement in my appetite and general health, and before the third package was gone I was certain that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets was going to cure completely, and they did not disappoint me. I can eat and sleep and enjoy my coffee and cigar, and no one would suppose I had ever known the horrors of dyspepsia.

"Out of friendly curiosity I wrote to the proprietors of the remedy asking for information as to what the tablets contained, and they replied that the principal ingredients were aseptic pepsin (government test), malt diastase and other natural digestives, which digest food regardless of the condition of the stomach."

The root of the matter is this, the digestive elements contained in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food, give the overworked stomach a chance to recuperate and the nerves and whole system receive the nourishment which can only come from food; stimulants and nerve tonics never give real strength, they give a fictitious strength, invariably followed by reaction. Every drop of blood, every nerve and tissue is manufactured from our daily food, and if you can ensure its prompt action and complete digestion by the regular use of good and wholesome a remedy as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, you will have no need of nerve tonics and sanitariums.

Although Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been in the market only a few years yet probably every druggist in the United States, Canada and Great Britain now sells them and considers them the most popular and successful of any preparation for stomach trouble.

Alpine Accidents.

This Summer's Long List of Disasters and Fatalities.

The Geneva correspondent of the London "Daily Express" says that never in the history of the Alps have death and disaster been so common on the mountains as during the present season. Over 300 accidents have occurred, resulting in the loss of no fewer than 150 lives. No district has this year escaped disaster. From the Jura Mountains, the Dauphine and Maritime Alps, the great Swiss ranges, and the Austrian peaks, the story is the same—an almost daily tale of perilous adventure, accident and death. The general cause of disaster has been the exceptionally unfavorable weather, combined with imprudence and false economy. Enormous quantities of snow fell on the mountains in May, June, and even July, rendering high climbing almost impossible.

Over half of this season's accidents have happened to Germans and Austrians, who, partly from bravado and partly from pecuniary reasons, have climbed without guides. This was the cause of the death of Herr Liewora of Vienna, who was killed near Innsbruck early in May, falling sheer over a 1,000-foot precipice; of a party of Heidelberg students, who met a terrible death near Feilbach; of two twin-brothers from Munich, who were dashed to death during a furious storm on the Untersberg; and of dozens of other German climbers who have been killed within the past few weeks in the Tyrol, the Engadine, the Bernese Oberland, and the Austrian Alps.

When the first ascent of Mont Blanc for this season was made on June 26 by M. Cachat, an experienced Chamonix mountaineer, with two guides, new snow lay thick. The climbing was most difficult and risky, and beyond the power of any ordinary Alpinist; yet three weeks earlier, on June 5, a young Geneva climber, Charles Schmidt, persuaded a companion named Maurice Kurtz to ascend Mont Blanc without even a guide or porter. Kurtz refused at first, saying that it was too dangerous and too early in the season, but finally Schmidt, who promised to pay all expenses, persuaded him. Amid the tears and entreaties of wives and children, the two young men started on their fatal trip. Soon after commencing the ascent they encountered thick fresh snow, and Kurtz wished to turn back. His companion refused, however, to relinquish the struggle until late in the afternoon, when both men were utterly exhausted, and owing to the state of the snow found that it was quite impossible to continue. To avoid the danger of avalanches and falling stones, they determined to descend separately, and unroped. Hardly had they started when Schmidt lost his balance and dashed, half-rolling, half-falling, from a sharp rocky spur to another, until his mangled body reached the ridge thousands of feet below. Kurtz was miraculously saved from death.

Another sad accident—also due to the lack of guides—was that which befell Professor Hofmann, a Swiss clergyman, who was killed while making a scientific exploration of Mont Preinard, near the Lac Noir. On the same day, M. Egon de Steiger, a popular member of the Alpine Club, while ascending the Balmhorn with a servant, but without a guide, had a fatal fall of 1,200 feet.

Seven German students, most of them mere boys, had a thrilling experience and a marvelous escape from death while madly attempting to scale Mont Blanc without guides or proper equipment in stormy weather at the end of June. Five of the party were struck by lightning while endeavoring to seek shelter from an awful storm, and when finally rescued, after six days' privation and exposure on the mountain, they were light-headed, partially paralyzed, terribly frost-bitten, and in the last stages of starvation. Their bodies and limbs were burned and twisted by lightning, and their escape from death was little short of miraculous.

These typical cases show the madness of attempting serious Alpine ascents without guides. What can be said when schoolmasters recklessly lead their trustful pupils into danger on the mountains? This was the cause of the awful avalanche disaster near Airolo in June, when two professors from a Zurich college took sixteen of their pupils to make the ascent of the Piz-Bias. The weather was bad, and soon after noon the party was suddenly overwhelmed by an immense avalanche, which swept away one of the professors and two of the pupils; the other professor and three of the boys had their skulls terribly fractured, and most of the others were gravely injured.

Since the commencement of July accidents have become so terribly numerous that it is impossible to detail them. One day no fewer than nine accidents happened, seven proving fatal. The greater number have occurred in the Tyrol and Austrian Alps, but the Jura, the Mont Blanc peaks, and the central and the eastern Pennines have been responsible for many sad fatalities. The foolish and increasing practice of women climbing mountains in long skirts, lace petticoats and patent-leather shoes has caused several deaths. Climbing Mont Pilatus in a smart spring toilet caused the fatal fall of Miss Julia Dillman in May, and at Chermex the same reason all but ended the life of Mlle. de Sarmkoff, a young Russian lady, who was climbing one of the highest peaks in the neighborhood. In July a Polish lady, Mme. Rouhen-Petrakoff, while climbing a French peak, Mont Repois, was killed by a terrible fall which was directly due to her unsuit and thin Paris shoes.

Germicide.

(Dr. Henega Gibbs, the bacteriologist and pathologist, of Detroit, announces that alcohol is sure death to infusorial organisms and bacilli.)

When the microbe diabolic in your system tries to frolic, filling you with grippe and colic, or the pangs of rheumatism.

When the microscopic pirate in your insides tries to graze, you may calm his feelings by giving him a little germicide in his biz.

When the fussy old bacilli make you feverish or chilly, you can knock it silly, if you only know the ropes.

You can stop his wicked wiggle and his nerve destroying wriggle, at his sorry fate you'll giggle when you blast his rising hopes.

Be he germ or protoplasm, you can throw him in a spasm, for him to sink like a jar.

Be he big or moleculish, you can check his manner mullish; you can nuke him know it's foolish to be come rumbling where you are.

If when he attacks at first he then discovers you are thirsty, he will fear to mess his worst, he will be sorry he essayed.

To give you appendicitis, mumps, or spinal meningitis—not a germ will dare to bite us if this doctor is obeyed.

For the Julep, bland and minty, makes the germ go like McGinty, gives him an impressive hint he can no longer linger here.

And the bourbon, rose, or brandy—either one that is most handy—makes the microbe understand he can no more fill us with fear.

So from now on drop the acid, that but makes the microbe faced and leaves him serenely placid, or some word to that effect.

And fill up with joyful juices, with the drink that cheer induces—there's the best of all excuses: You but try to disinfect.

—Chicago "Tribune."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap
Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

You've Only Got to Try LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

once to find it's the best quality being sold to-day.

The Major's Discomfiture.

She was more than beautiful, and as she stood in the garden surrounded by a crowd of adoring victims, a subtle essence seemed to distil from her which rendered her perfectly irresistible.

"Isn't that Major Tuffin?" she enquired, indicating a middle-aged masher who was posing on the other side of the lawn.

"Yes, that's Jack," replied the man she had addressed. "I didn't know he was in town."

"Would you mind telling him that I should like to speak to him for a minute?"

"With pleasure," and he made the best of his way between the various groups of well-dressed people, until he found the object of his search.

"How d'you do, Jack?" he observed. "You're in luck, you old bouncer!"

"Eh, what? What's up, then?"

"Why, the Diva has sent me to fetch you."

"The d—! Oh, well, it's a beastly nuisance having to move about this hot weather—but, of course, a lady's commands must be obeyed."

And putting on as much side as though he was accustomed to reigning beauties sending for him every hour of the day, the major swaggered over to where the belle was holding her court.

"So glad to see you, major," she observed, smiling most sweetly as she spoke. "I want to ask you to do me a favor."

"Why, certainly," answered the gallant officer, pulling himself up, until he felt inches taller. "Anything in my power."

"Would you mind taking this," and she handed him a little lace wisp of a handkerchief, "and rubbing the point off my face that you told everyone at Ranelagh last Saturday you knew I put on?"

A moment's silence, a roar of laughter from the admiring crowd, and the major bolted.

Poor major—"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

Can it Be?

The two Russian belles are discussing their mutual friends.

"And there is Rosiekoff Dimitriskevitchskoboolskievitch," says the first girl. "I think she is such a sweet thing! And don't you think her name is beautiful?"

"Oh, yes," concedes the second. "But I have heard—now don't you whisper this to a soul—I have heard that her name isn't all her own."

"Merely? What do you mean?"

"It is hinted that she wears an artificial skeivitch."

Kind fates preserve us! If the ladies in other parts of the world begin amplifying their names as they do their hair, we never shall know whether a lady is really possessed of the aristocratic cognomen engraved upon her cards, or is simply a plain Smith, Jones or Brown.

First Farmer—Blessed if I think the agricultural department is any good at all.

Second Farmer—What's the trouble?

First Farmer—Well, I wrote to 'em to find out how high wheat was goin' up to, and I couldn't git no satisfaction at all. —"Tit-Bits."

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

\$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Mark.

The Way of the World.

First Tramp—Weary Willie stole an auto an' run over a man an' killed him!

Second Tramp—Wot did dey do to Weary?

Second Tramp—Wot did dey do to fer killin' de man an' giv him ten years fer stealin' de auto.

True Love.

An American lady has risen to defend the national dignity by asserting that her countrywomen do not marry European noblemen for their titles alone. It seems that the European is more skilled in the art of making love, and the titles become only one of the many attractions that endear him to the wealthy heiress. There is probably a good deal to be said in favor of this point. In a land where a man's social status is almost entirely governed by his bank account, the universal grab for dollars occupies all the available leisure of the

Art of Rest.

Complete and restful peace of the body and mind is an art easily gained. To perhaps nothing brings one as much to content, comfort, happiness and pleasure as those conditions of easy, restful, resourceful and well-balanced mind and body, that make of work a pleasure and the daily life happy and peaceful.

The nervous housewife busy with a hundred duties and harassed by children; the business man, worried with the press of daily affairs, debts, etc., cannot enjoy the peace and restful repose and healthful nervous balance unless they know how.

There is a way. First and foremost the stomach must be consulted. That means leaving off coffee absolutely, for the temporary stimulant and the resulting depression is a sure ruin to the nervous system, and the whole condition of health and happiness rests upon stomach, nerves and mind.

Start with the stomach, that is the keystone to the whole arch. Stop using things that break down its power, upset its nervous energy and prevent the proper digestion of the food and the consequent manufacture of healthful blood and nerves, brain and tissues.

When you quit coffee take on Postum Food Coffee. That is like stopping the payment of interest and starting on a career where you are loaning money and receiving interest. The good results are double. You stop poisoning the system with coffee and start building up the broken down nerve cells by powerful elements contained in Postum. These are pure food elements ably selected by experts for the purpose of supplying just the thing required by Nature to perform this rebuilding.

These are solid, substantial facts and can be proven clearly to the satisfaction of anyone, by personal experience. Try the change yourself and note how the old condition of shattered nerves and worried mind changes to that feeling of restful repose of a well-balanced nervous system.

The managing physician of a hygienic sanitarium in Indiana says that for five years in his practice he has always insisted upon the patients leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee, with the most positive, well-defined results and with satisfaction to the most confirmed coffee toper.

The doctor's name will be furnished by the Postum Company (Limited), Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Photographs

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In five different weights.
Sizes 22 in. to 50 in.

Special Unshrinkable Wool Shirts and Pants, \$1.50 garment.

Two Ranges Silk Underwear from \$3.00 garment.

Novelties in Dressing Gowns and Ladies' Golf Jackets

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UNDERWEAR SPECIALISTS
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BABY'S OWN SOAP

prevents roughness of the skin and chapping.

Best for toilet and nursery use, see ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MRS. MONTREAL.

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The Book Worm

"The Situations of Lady Patricia," one of the new Fisher Unwin books sent out from England, is the story of an impoverished Irish family, bereft by the "Moonlighters" of its head and reduced to living from hand to mouth on the Continent until Lady Patricia, the daughter, essays to support herself and the "situations" are undertaken as detailed in the book. They are somewhat ordinary, with occasional new ideas, and the author of the story is Trowbridge, who wrote "The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth." A very sordid flavor is naturally about this book also, and one sweet, true, fine woman (who is quite surprisingly a duchess!) adorns the tale.

"A Prince of Sinners," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, is a strong, involved story of a man with a mystery. The political life of England at the present day, in small election matters, is cleverly depicted; the bourgeoisie of the Bullion family is neatly described. The man who owns the mystery is Lord Arnmore, the Prince of Sinners, and fate was and is not kind to him. His affection for Lady Caroom and her return of it, her determination to know about the mystery before she agrees to marry her girlhood's lover, the love matters of her sweet young daughter, the mission work in London, and many another interest, are cleverly woven into an excellent tale, which ends in an ideal manner. Mr. Oppenheim should not call a table napkin a "serviette." The Copp, Clark Company (Limited) are the publishers of "The Prince of Sinners."

"A Ne'er Do Well" is one of the prettiest of little tales, the hero being a gypsy violinist and the author a writer signing himself "Valentine Caryl." Here is how the hero comes into one's ken: "The boy's mother was an Italian peasant, deaf and dumb. His father, whom he never saw, was a Hungarian Zizgane, a penniless, irresponsible vagabond, who fell in love at the first sight of the dumb Anastasia's pretty face and as quickly tired of her." Anastasia's brother stabs the Hungarian musician, and the girl runs away and hides in the forests, where her child is born. For nineteen years she keeps him with her in the forest, and never during that time does he hear a voice. He has his father's violin, and is supported by his mother's begging. At her death he encounters the world, and his story begins, ending when, after his great debut and triumph before a critical audience, he escapes from love, tuition, fame and civilization, and flies for his soul's life to the forest again. It is a little gem of a study, and is one of the Pseudonym Library published by T. Fisher Unwin.

A correspondent has written enquiring where he can procure the "Letters of Julie de Lespinasse," the "original" of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter." George Morang & Co. have published this extraordinary effervescence of erotic sentiment, and if the worthy correspondent survives its perusal he will never want a second dose, I fancy. I scarcely think anyone has read the letters quite through, but as a picture of what an unbalanced nature can achieve in the way of wrecking one's peace and happiness they may be convincing. Without doubt, they lose some charm by translation.

"The Call of the Wild," a new book by Jack London, illustrated by Philip R. Goodwin and Charles Livingston Bull, and just published by the George N. Morang Company, is destined to meet with a wide popularity. The story is one of the far West, and is at once instructive and fascinating. It embraces a journey into the distant gold land, following the tracks of "Buck," a great Southland dog, who, true to the instincts inherited from his wild forefathers, scents a fate that is awaiting him, far beyond the haunts of men, in the forest world. The book is well written, well illustrated, free from the hackneyed theme of love, save for a great unattractive love that existed between a man and a dog. It is inspiring in nobility, bravery, and a certain proud determination that lingers with irresistible charm in each page, and leaves a buoyancy in its train in the heart of the reader.

One of the clever novels of the day has just presented itself for the delectation of the reading public in "The Master of Millions," by George C. Lorimer. A young Scotchman, being accused of a

Forced to Resign.

Lost a Good Position Through Bad Food.

"I felt immediately better after my first meal on Grape-Nuts, which I began to use after my health had broken down and I was a nervous wreck.

"My stomach was in such a condition that I could eat nothing, and trying to eat was a burden to me.

"My pulse ran up to 115 and my weight fell 21 pounds, I got so I couldn't work, and was forced to resign a good position. I took milk punches between meals and quit meat altogether, but nothing improved my appetite and the condition of my stomach. I finally went on one meal a day and had to force myself to eat that, and was rapidly starving, until one day a friend suggested Grape-Nuts.

"Although my palate and stomach had rebelled against all other foods, Grape-Nuts agreed immediately, and I really relished this food, while the changes in my condition have been wonderful. My weight increased from the start, and I have now regained 12 pounds, while my pulse is normal and I am a new person all over. Life seems worth living, and I enjoy all my meals.

"To make sure that this change was due to Grape-Nuts I made the experiment of leaving off the food for five days, but I began to go backwards so rapidly that I concluded I had satisfied my curiosity in this respect, and I went back to Grape-Nuts again in a hurry and began to pick up again. Grape-Nuts certainly touched the spot and did the work." Name given by Postum Company (Limited), Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

crime of which he is innocent, suddenly disappears in the year '52, and half a century later returns to his native land, the possessor of countless thousands. The plot becomes tangled and is gradually unraveled. Almost every phase of life is introduced—good, bad, wealth walks with poverty, pathos, bad-mingles with humor, and finally love triumphs in loyalty. Every problem that appears, every emergency that arises, is treated in a masterful way by the writer, who dwells on a succession of curious and complicated events in a manner that leaves no doubt as to his ability as an author and as a portrayer of human nature, as to his knowledge of the world and of the "children of earth," who have fawned from time immemorial, and until the last trump sounds will continue to fawn, on a "Master of Millions."

The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful It is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal cleanses the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

An Old Story in Verse.

He was a guileless college youth,
That mirrored modesty and truth;
And sometimes at his musty room
His sister called, to chase the gloom.
One afternoon when she was there,
Arranging things with kindly care,
As often she had done before,
There came a knock upon her door.
Our student, sensitive to fears,
Of thoughtless comrades' laughing jeers,
Had only time to make deposit
Of his dear sister in a closet.
Then haste the door to open wide:
His guest unbidden slept inside.

He was a cheery-faced old man,
And with apologies began
For calling, and then let him know
That more than fifty years
When he was in his youthful bloom,
He'd occupied that very room.
So thought he'd take the chance, he said,
To see the changes time had made.

"The same old window, same old view—
Ha, ha! the same old pictures, too!"
And then he tapped them with his cane,
And laughed his merry laugh again.
"The same old sofa, I declare!"
Dear me! It must be worse for wear.
The same old shelves! And then he came
And spied the closet door. "The same—
Oh, my!" A woman's dress peeped through.
Quick as he could he closed it to.
He shook his head. "Ah! ah! the same
Old game!" young man, the same old game!"

"Would you my reputation slur?"
The youth gasped: "That's my sister, sir!"
"Ah!" said the old man, with a sigh,
"The same old lie—the same old lie!" "Judge."

"Punch's" Interview with H. G. Wells.

Some member of "Punch," with a turn for genial fooling, writes a "Sketchy Interview" with H. G. Wells, the pseudo-scientific writer, in which he says: "On our pressing the electric button, the door was opened by a well-trained Martian, who, in answer to our question, hoisted politely that Mr. Wells was out on his aeroplane, superintending the flying drill of the Sandgate Highlanders, and was for the time being an invisible man, but that he was expected in any moment. While he was speaking a whirling noise was heard overhead, and Mr. Wells swooped to earth. Divesting him-

self of his celluloid cloak, studded with plasmon buttons, Mr. Wells, on demanding and receiving our assurance that we belonged to the middle classes, ushered us into his sanctum. We experienced considerable difficulty in keeping our feet, owing to the curvature of the floor—Mr. Wells adopts this system to prevent the collection of dust—but finally succeeded in anchoring ourselves to a selenite paperweight, while our host settled himself comfortably in the cushioned seats of his time machine and began to talk."

Misdirected Zeal.

A CLERGYMAN somewhere by the sea has expressed his displeasure because some of the women who come to his church have fallen into a summer habit of coming without their hats. He has cited St. Paul as his authority for declaring from his pulpit that women ought to keep their heads covered in church. They certainly look very nice with their heads covered as our church-going sisters are wont to cover them, but it seems reasonably doubtful whether St. Paul, if he had been managing a seaside church in the United States in this year of grace, would have thought it expedient to raise this question of millinery. In the matter of women's headgear the times have changed very much, and in nineteen hundred years both the cost and the distractiveness of women's hats have momentously increased. It was the fashion in Oriental Galilee in St. Paul's time for women to keep their heads covered in public places. So is it the fashion here now, but circumstances alter cases. That our women have recently consented to take off their hats in the theaters has been hailed as a meritorious concession, but the theaters are as public as the churches, and no reason suggests itself why what is good form in the one place shouldn't be good form in the other.

Moreover, in summer some of our grown girls are just now disposed to go about bareheaded. One sees them so in automobiles in town, and in the streets of the country villages. Why object, if they like it and think their complexions will stand it? It is in the interest of economy, and some people think it is good for the health, too. It is a passing quip, and bound soon to yield to freckles and tan, and when it does so yield the practice of dropping into church without a hat will go with it. St. Paul himself could well distinguish between essentials and inessentials, for after setting forth his views about covered heads for women and for men, does he not say, "But if any man seem to be contentious, we have no such custom, neither the churches of God." Which was saying in effect that, after all, the question wasn't worth disputing over.

A kindred question has come up—so



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure.

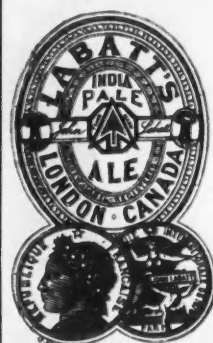
"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse.

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELAIDE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The Pi-y.



Girl (with infant)—De baby wuz born wid a veil.
Boy—Hully gee! Wot a pity dey ever took it off!



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These World-Famous remedies never fail to cure Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Liver Spots, Muddy, Sallow Skin, Redness of face or nose, and all other blemishes, whether on the Face, Neck, Arms or Body. They brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies on earth can, and they do it quickly. Wafers, by mail, \$1; Soap, 50c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, Room 5, 214 6th Avenue, NEW YORK or 20 Glen Road, Toronto, Can. Dept. N.

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the papers say—in Vermont, where a young woman who expects soon to be married objects to promising to obey her future husband, and has been looking for a clergyman who will leave "obey" out of the marriage service which is to make her a wife. She has found one, but not in her own church. All the same, it will make little practical difference whether she promises to obey or not. If she marries a man worth obeying she will obey at a pinch, and be glad of the chance. The husband still ranks as the head of the family, and though cases are common where he is not really in command, the happiest families are those in which he is equal to his job. It is not any word of Scripture, or law, or a promise in the marriage service that makes the husband the senior and ruling partner, but nature and the force of circumstances.

Moreover, the fear which some young women have of having to obey a husband is just a bugaboo. As things turn out there is division of responsibility, and therefore of authority. The wife has her realm and rules in it. The husband takes her orders in matters under her control, and she has in some other matters, and over other matters still they consult and agree upon a course. Of course a bossy husband is objectionable, but a bossy husband is apt to be a good deal of an ass, and no young woman ought to marry a man who is a good deal of an ass unless the exigency is pressing and she can positively do no better.—"Harper's Weekly."

Bridal Superstitions.

MANY and curious are the customs regarding brides. In Switzerland the bride on her wedding day will permit no one, not even her parents, to kiss her upon the lips. In parts of rural England the cook pours hot water over the threshold after the bridal couple have gone, in order to keep it warm for another bride. The pretty custom of throwing the slipper originated in France. An old woman, seeing the carriage of her young King—Louis XIII.—passing on the way from church, where he had just been married, took off her shoe, and flinging it at his coach cried

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to arrange your little surprise parties. Our fish meals are celebrated wherever known. Other dainty luncheons as well. The finest place for summer parties.

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EVENING SLIPPERS

The new styles are now in, and are hard to beat.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 YONGE STREET

out: "Tis all I have, your Majesty, but may the blessing of God go with it!"

More than forty per cent. of the people of Great Britain could not write their names when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. Now only seven per cent. are in that condition.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 16 TORONTO, CANADA, SEPT. 19, 1903. No. 45

OUTDOOR PASTIMES

I HAVE been called to account by several followers of the game of Rugby in Canada for referring to the new rules of the O.R.F.U. as the Burnside rules. In reality the new rules are a modification of the Burnside rules, utilized at Varsity for the Mulock cup games, but the game is substantially the same, and will continue to be popularly known as the Burnside game. The changes are very minor.

The Ambitious City had its first taste of the new game a week ago, and though the score was very much one-sided—it was one-sided in the right way—the Hamiltonians unhesitatingly pronounced it a good game to watch. If Hamilton accepts the game there should be no difficulty in other towns and cities, for Hamilton sportsmen are notoriously hard to suit, and always have had a taste for a good rough game of the old-time Rugby.

By the way, what are we going to do for referees for the new game? There are not more than a half a dozen men in Ontario who can make even a passable attempt at refereeing a game under the new rules, and there are—junior, senior and intermediate—at least fifty teams playing the new game this year.

Such men as Frank Woodworth, the secretary of the O.R.F.U.; W. A. Hewitt, the sporting writer; George and Percy Biggs, V. E. Henderson, and men of like calibre at Varsity, will be kept busy by the senior games. Where, oh where, are the score of other men to referee the intermediate and junior games coming from? The O.R.F.U. will appoint men, the best they can secure, but it is dollars to doughnuts that each one will have a different interpretation of the game under the new rules and that trouble will result. In one game the referee, if he is an old-time Rugby player and used to roughness, will allow a little strenuous work to go, while the very next time the same teams line out under a new referee they will be penalized heavily for exactly the same work as the referee in the former game winked at. Then the trouble will commence. A penalty under the new rules is no joke. Just think of a team, by hard work, taking the ball right upon their opponents' line, and not only losing possession of the oval, but perhaps also losing ten good yards of hard-fought territory because some man on the team moved when the ball was placed into play, or stuck his head over the line of the ball. It is hard, but then it is the new game and players must keep cool in tight places and not make these mistakes. This year's game is one brimful of brilliant passes, furious tackling, long distance punting, and strategic plays, so how can the spectator help enthusing over it?

What is puzzling me is why so many fine yachts lay up right after Exhibition is over, no matter what kind of weather succeeds. Often we have our best sailing weather the month commencing the second week in September, yet when you drop down to the yacht anchorages you find the dismantled hulls bobbing up and down at the moorings. September is the choice month of the year for sailing. The majority of the days are bright and sunny, and the water is ruffled by a good, wholesome breeze which will heel the white-winged craft down to her rail and send her bowing along with a white bone in her teeth and a quarter wave swirling and tumbling in her wake. That is sailing—sailing when the thrill gets into your veins and you feel like a Viking, a-roving, care free. Where is the sport dawdling about in a zephyr under a hot August sun?

While all the talk just now is of the Canadian Amateur Golf Tournament, to be held at the Toronto Golf Club grounds next week, local golfers have stopped discussing the merits of the amateur putters and litters long enough to talk of the possibility of a professional tournament here later on in the fall. The idea is favored in many quarters, and there is a possibility of good prizes being offered for such competition. There are nine or ten good pros. in Canada that could be brought together in such a tournament. Such a meeting would furnish magnificent golf, and would attract a great deal of attention. Montreal could furnish Murray and a couple more, Quebec has a good man, so has Cobourg, Niagara-on-the-Lake could send Muir, and to meet them Toronto would have Cumming of the Toronto Golf Club, Barrett and Russell of Lambton, and Ritchie of Rosedale.

The amateur tournament is going to be an exciting contest, and there are many who look to see Mr. George S. Lyon again crowned champion. Mr. Lyon is playing a great game this year, but he will have a hard row to hoe if he gets through a field which includes Champion Fritz R. Martin of Hamilton, Messrs. R. E. and G. W. McDougall of Montreal, Mr. J. P. Taylor, the Montreal man Mr. Lyon beat in the first round of last year's tournament; Mr. R. C. H. Cassels, Mr. D. W. Baxter, Mr. S. T. Blackwood, Mr. A. H. Campbell, Mr. Vere C. Brown, Mr. T. D. Law, who lowered the amateur record of the Toronto course to 74 the other day; Mr. J. H. Forrester, the Highlands Club strong man Dr. F. C. Hood, who holds the Rosedale amateur record of 72, and a half a dozen other Toronto golfers almost as dangerous as those named.

Playing under false pretenses is what put the Toronto lacrosse team down and out. It has long been a recognized fact that the other teams in the N.A.L.U. were getting the gold for their services, but the Toronto team traveled under the flag of amateurism. The management found that this would not do, and the money started to float around, where certain players could lay hands on it, in a mysterious sort of a way. Then other players who had been in the game for the love of it, plus sundry gold lockets and diamond rings, commenced to "get wise" and soon their hands were outstretched and when the long green did not tickle their palms they commenced to raise trouble. The result was the Cornwall Toronto fiasco of Labor Day. The matter would not have developed into such a scandal as it has had all the officers of the club been aware of the true condition of affairs. Some of the officers were not taken into the confidence of the men who handed out the money, and the result was that when matters came to a head they commenced to talk, and here we have a muddle which will put a damper upon one of Toronto's foremost sporting organizations. This lacrosse trouble will undoubtedly hurt the Torontos in the football arena. It must,

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



IDA GABRIELLE, EVA TANQUAY, MARION HARTE. With Frank Daniels' Opera Company at the Princess.

for the O.R.F.U. will surely take cognizance of the exposures of the past week. If the O.R.F.U. does not take action of itself protests are sure to result, and protests engender hard feelings.

CORINTHIAN.

Lawn-Bowling.

THE conclusion of the Granite tournament on Saturday last marked the end of one of the most successful held in this city. This is mainly due to the efforts of Mr. J. M. Macdonald, the active secretary, who is deserving of all praise. The interest in the finals drew a large crowd, and the win of Doherty of the Canadas was a popular one. Dr. Hawke of the Granites, in addition to bearing a large amount of the responsibility of the tournament, won first prize in the Consolation, and the following are the scores:

Primary Competition, Final.	
Canada—	Victoria—
H. J. Fairhead,	H. J. Coleman,
James Fairhead,	John Bain,
R. Armstrong,	A. F. Webster,
W. K. Doherty, skip	E. C. Hill, skip
16	15
Doherty	112000100310001123—16
Hill	00012301300311000—15
Consolation Semi-final.	
Dr. Hawke, skip	E. T. Lightbourn, skip
13	6
R. Patrick, skip	R. Greenwood, skip
15	1
Consolation Final.	
Granite—	Galt—
T. M. Scott,	J. H. Williams,
A. B. Nichols,	John Sinclair,
John Rennie,	W. Card,
Dr. Hawke, skip	R. Patrick, skip
13	4
R. Patrick	20100132211—13
R. Patrick	02011000000—12

The singles brought out a large crowd of competitors, 102 in all, and was finally won by W. U. McEachren of Kew Beach, who received a great ovation at the annual meeting of this club, held on the evening of the 15th, when it was announced he was the first member of this junior association to enter the prize lists.

It is with much pleasure I am able to announce in these columns that satisfactory arrangements have been completed by which the Granite Club continue in possession of their clubhouse and lawns. It is hailed with unfeigned delight by all bowlers, as the old Granite holds a warm spot in their hearts. "Vive la Granite."

NEW TORONTO AND KEW BEACH TOOK LORNE PARK AND GRIMSBY PARK INTO CAMP LAST SATURDAY. IT IS ASTONISHING HOW THE GAME IS DEVELOPING IN THE SUBURBAN RESORTS.

The annual meeting of the Kew Beach Bowling Association was held in their club-rooms on the evening of the 15th inst. It was harmonious, although developing now and again a kick, but not sufficiently energetic to upset the milk can of good fellowship which pervades this club. Retiring President Gemmell and retiring Secretary Mutton were each voted a hearty vote of thanks for their urbanity and tact in the management of the club during the past season, resulting in a large majority of games won and points scored in the friendly matches. The club can now boast of its first tournament prize, in the victory of Mr. McEachren in the Granite tournament. The following were elected officers for the season of 1904: President, C. Abrahams; Vice-president, J. A. Phin; Secretary-treasurer, R. Moon; Assistant Secretary, William Irwin; representative to Ontario and Dominion Bowling Associations, R. Moon.

Those bowlers anxious to partake in a tour through Great Britain and Ireland next year will be afforded an opportunity, as an invitation has been extended by the Imperial Lawn Bowling Association, and a discussion on the matter took place at a meeting of the Ontario Association, held at the King Edward Hotel on Thursday, the 17th inst., the result of which we will give in our next issue.

For the Motorist.

Motorists now know the worst that the law can do to them. On Wednesday the House of Lords accepted the Motor-Cars Bill as amended by the Commons. In the matter of speed drivers must limit their ambitions to twenty miles an hour. In cases where this is alleged to be exceeded the opinion of only one witness will not be sufficient to secure conviction. Motor-cars must be registered and bear a number which must be kept unobscured and easily distinguishable. Drivers are required to obtain a license, for which the fee is 5s., and no person under seventeen years of age will be

licensed. Reckless and negligent driving, or driving at excessive speed, is punishable by fine or imprisonment. Offenders who refuse their names and addresses, or whose vehicles cannot be identified, may be arrested by the police without warrant. In case of accident caused by or due to the motor-car, the driver must stop, and, if required, furnish name and address and other particulars for identification of himself or employer or owner. We would fain hope that all these "musts" will work smoothly. Much depends on the motorists. It would be well if they would remember for a little while before this Act comes into force, which it does on January 1 next, that a certain amount of resentment against them exists in the minds of many persons who follow the country roads for their pleasure on foot, on wheel, and behind a horse. The fearful dust raised by the passage of a motor-car is irritating physically as well as morally. An apologetic rather than a domineering attitude is more politic on the part of motor drivers, who should remember that the passage of their cars creates general discomfort on the public road. The whole affair is largely a question of manners—"Outlook."

The Drama

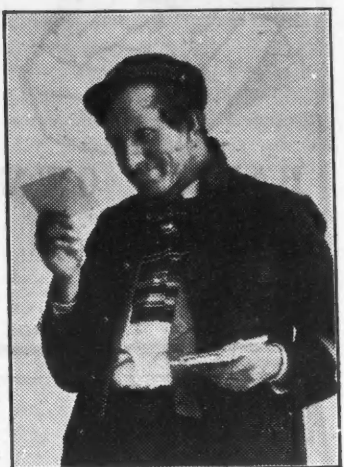
A TREAT has been afforded theater-goers in Toronto this week, Mr. De Wolf Hopper, with an excellent company, presenting the delightful musical production entitled "Mr. Pickwick." The whole performance leaves nothing to be desired. From first to last it claims the attention, and wins the enthusiasm of the audience. The music is light and tuneful, and is charmingly rendered by the artists, many of whom are well known in Toronto. In Mr. Hopper one seems to see Dickens's original Mr. Pickwick, pure and simple; he is splendid, clever and funny as it seems possible for a man to be. Another old-time favorite, Mr. Digby Bell, is an evidence, taking the part of Sam Weller in a way all his own. Miss Marion Field as Arabella charms her hearers with her soulful soprano, and Miss Marguerite Clark as Polly is a perfect study in vivacity and prettiness. Much of the amusement is due to Laura Joyce Bell and Miss Vivian Ogden, who play the roles of Mrs. Bardell and Miss Wardle, respectively. The scenery is in keeping with the times, and when beautiful girls in pale grey college gowns and red-coated men appear together in a quaint dance the effect is delightful. The principal actors are funny to the last degree. Everything is depicted in a decidedly clever and picturesque way, and mingled with the applause of the audience there is a tone of regret as the curtain falls on "Mr. Pickwick."

The Bandmann English Opera Company has scored another success in Canada, and "The Country Girl" has been holding court at the Grand this week. Mr. Maurice E. Bandmann, proprietor and manager, is to be congratulated on having such able support. In the first act the scene is laid in Devonshire, the home of "the Country Girl," and later a glimpse of society life in London is given. The stage settings are almost perfection, and the costumes worn, from those of the rustics to the Rajah and Princess of Bhong, most artistic. Charming songs and graceful dances are delightfully interspersed throughout the whole opera, while a thread of wholesome, genuine humor pervades it all, and the performance quite reaches the standard demanded by the average Toronto audience, which, when it so desires, can be very critical indeed.

The best vaudeville menu of this season is being offered at Shea's this week. Despite the sweltering weather, large crowds have greeted each performance. In fact, the business must have been previously underestimated, as large shortages have occurred in the programme supply for several weeks now. This inconvenience should be rectified without delay, for in an entertainment of the variety calibre a programme is an absolute necessity. Amelia Summerville's monologue is a most enjoyable feature. Miss Summerville's presence seems to lend refinement to her surroundings and her vocal selections are beautifully rendered. She sings with effective simplicity, never losing an artistic point in her selections. Another original monologist on this week's bill is John Kernell. John scores most of his hits by joshing the orchestra. "A Woman of Few Words," by Rae and Brosche, is an amusing travesty, and although not new to Toronto, is amongst the very few sketches of merit that will always be welcome here. "Hiawatha" truly receives a second birth to Torontonians when the Sisters Meredith present their charming rendition of it. The camp scene, the Indian costumes, and the woodland songsters are all delightful auxiliaries. The dancing of these ladies is also a most attractive part of their turn. Charles H. Bradshaw & Co.'s "Fix in a Fix" introduces several killing situations, and for one who needs indulgence in uproarious

hilarity we could not recommend anything more suitable than this clever sketch. Lawson and Nanton's comedy cycle and punning bag act is the best of its kind, and gives fifteen minutes of enjoyable comedy. Also on the bill are McIntyre and Primrose, blackface comedians, and Waldorf and Mendez, comedy acrobats. The kinetograph closes a most enjoyable bill.

The return of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" to the Grand Opera House next week should be an agreeable announcement to such theater-goers as were fortunate enough to have seen that excellent play on previous occasions. The charming old man and favorite actor, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, continues as Lachlan Campbell, the role in which he has won unstinted praise and in which he has proven himself a star of the first magnitude. Reuben Fax, as the bibulous mail carrier, "Posty," still carries the burden of the comedy, and all who have seen him in this character know how well he succeeds. The scenic investiture is the same elaborate illustration of the Drumtochty glens and cottages seen during the engagement at the Grand last spring, while the supporting company is claimed to be fully up to the requirements, and includes Robert V. Ferguson, Mabel Brownell, Damon Lyon, Blanche Thomas, George Warnock, Adelaide Cumming, Julius McVicker, Queenie Phillips, Edmund Hogan, Helen Holmes, William Hall, Robert Ireland, R. C. Easton and Joseph McLaughlin.



Reuben Fax as "Posty."

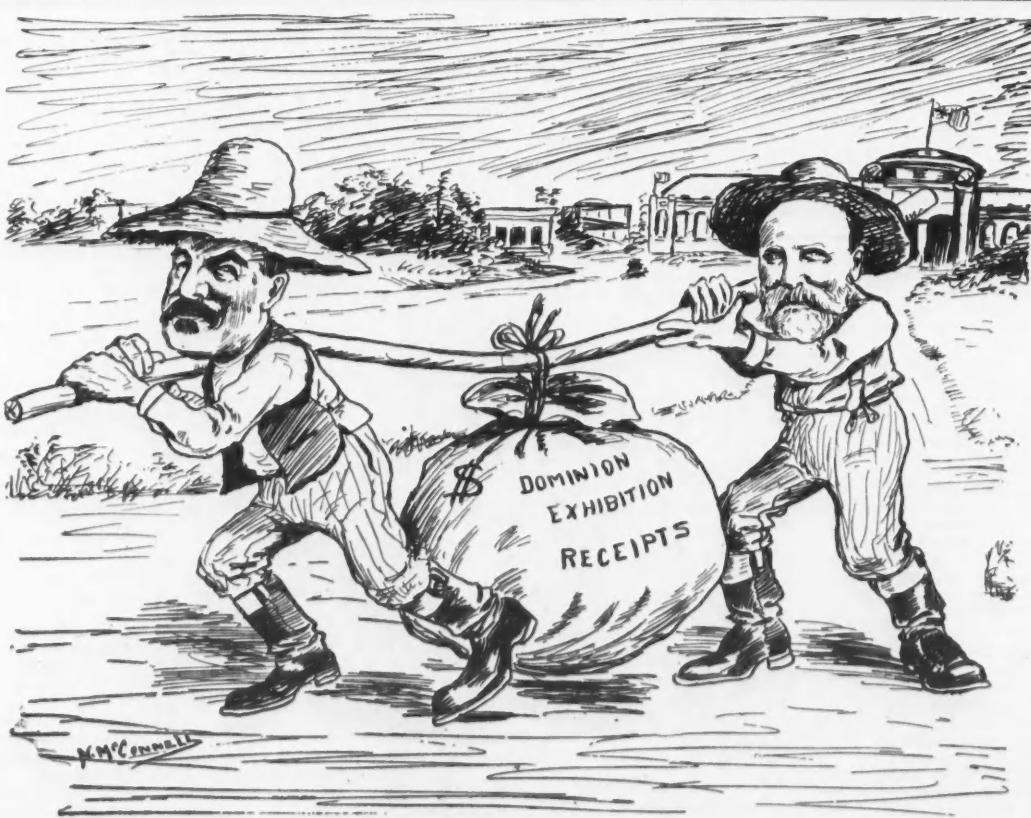
The chorus of the Frank Daniels Opera Company is said to be notable for the youth and beauty of its personnel. The principal lady members of the organization, however, are said to not be lacking in personal pulchritude either, and especial attention is called to the attractiveness of Eva Tanquay, Ida Gabrielle and Marion Harthe, whose portraits are published this week.

Mr. Shea will offer for next week George Primrose, the well-known minstrel, whom he is paying \$1,000 per week. Now, there must be some remarkable drawing power in a man who receives this salary, and the success with which Mr. Primrose has met in other vaudeville houses proves that he is more than worth his salary. He is assisted by the Foley brothers, whom he has trained until they are now the champion clog dancers of the country. These little fellows appear in costumes exactly like Primrose and West did in their early minstrel days, do the same dances, and receive if anything greater applause than did Primrose and West when they were at their best. Prof. Gokeman's dogs and cats will be another feature of the show. Many men have trained dogs and others have trained cats, but it was left to Gokeman to train both and present them on the stage. Emma Carus, the darling of the gallery gods, has four songs that are new. Will H. Sloan and Yolande Wallace will be seen in the sketch entitled "The Plumber." They have a sketch that is extremely funny and gives to both many opportunities to display their varied talents. George C. Davis, monologue comedian, has a lot of songs that are new, and some sayings that are very witty. Adamini and Taylor, the vaudeville minstrels, inject a little comedy into their act and do some high-class singing. Prince Kokin, a wonderful Japanese juggler, does all sorts of seemingly impossible tricks. The kinetograph will have new pictures.

Frank Daniels, the favorite comic opera comedian, with his new comic opera organization, and under the management of Charles B. Dillingham, will present at the Princess Theater next week his latest musical offering, "The Office Boy." This is a two-act musical comedy, the book of which is by the versatile librettist Harry B. Smith, and the score by the well-known composer, Ludwig Engländer. The piece was produced for the first time in Buffalo last Monday evening, and from all accounts made an extraordinary success. It is spoken of as being intensely amusing, and full of bright, attractive musical numbers. Mr. Daniels himself is said to have been provided with one of the best characters that has ever been given to him. He has a song entitled "I'm on the Water Wagon Now," which is reported to be a tremendous popular hit. His supporting company numbers nearly ninety people, and includes some very well-known singers and musical entertainers. Louise Gunning, who was seen here last season as the prima donna of the De Wolf Hopper Opera Company, occupies a leading role, and Eva Tanquay, who attracted very favorable attention in the musical piece, "The Chaparrons," is said to have a congenial part in "The Office Boy." Other leading members of the cast are the Misses Violet Hall, Ida Gabrielle, and Marion Harthe, and Messrs. Alfred Hickman, Sydney Toler, Gilbert Clayton, David Bennet, Laurence Wheat, and Leavitt James.

Everyone will sympathize with Mr. Willard in the difficulty he has been having over the claim in the title of "The Cardinal" put forward by the writer of a music hall sketch which bears the same name. Mr. Willard has been playing Mr. Louis-N. Parker's play the best part of two years in America, and it certainly seems hard that the production of the piece here under the title it has borne so long should be challenged merely because a sketch done under totally different conditions, and in no way likely to be mistaken for it, should happen to bear the same title.

"Mary of Magdala," in which Mrs. Fiske will be seen in this city this season, differs from all other dramas in the breadth of its appeal. It is a play of fascinating interest to the regular patron of the theater, while it profoundly moves church people and others who are seldom concerned with the stage. As a dramatic spectacle it is one of the most dramatic and impressive that has yet been seen. That theater-goers in this city are to have an opportunity to see Mrs. Fiske in this play this season is a matter for congratulation. Up to the time at which Mrs. Fiske produced "Mary of Magdala," Paul Heyse's powerful drama of ancient Jerusalem, in which she appears as the Magdalen, her fame had grown to a point that placed her apart from other actresses in English through a succession of remarkable impersonations of the most difficult of characters, all of which were modern to a degree. It had erroneously been presumed that Mrs. Fiske was solely a great exponent of the modern school of acting. The fact that her earlier experiences in the theater were in the classic drama, in association with the great among the players of those earlier years, and that such experiences must have instilled the best inspiration possible, was lost sight of. The error was seen when Mrs. Fiske originated in English the part of Mary of Magdala in the Hayse drama. William Winter, the dean of American critics, said in the New York "Tribune" on the morning after the production of "Mary of Magdala": "Mrs. Fiske, who has not hitherto acted any part that contains so much experience, feeling, spirituality and mournful beauty as are combined in the Magdalen, rises in this embodiment to an impressive altitude of power—the power not only to comprehend a terrible conflict in a great soul, and to form a lofty ideal of moral grandeur triumphant over human passion, but the power to embody that self-conflict and that moral grandeur in a sumptuous image of beautiful womanhood, and to express them with intense sympathy, affluent vigor and pathetic grace."



AFTER THE HARVEST.

President McNaught to Manager Orr—There's money in the old place, all right, when it's properly worked.

The Dangerous Love-Letter.

None of the plays of Dumas fils, the hero says if he had daughters he would have them taught to speak in all languages, and write in none. He had come to this conclusion from a first-hand knowledge of the uncontrollable passion of women for writing letters for which they were afterward sorry and ashamed. The wisest woman, at some critical moment of her career, may be relied upon to snatch up her pen, and in the fury of anger, or the exaltation of love, dash off a letter at white heat which, in twenty-four hours, she would give her eyes to recall.

Men have not only more respect for the written document, but the placing of their sentiments upon paper seems to have less charm for them. When a man is in a transport of rage, he likes to go direct to its object and express himself with the tongue that God has given him for that purpose. When Swift found out that Esther Vanhomrigh had been in correspondence with his beloved Stella on the subject of her reputed marriage, he wrote no letter, but mounted on his horse and rode the ten miles which divided him from Esther. Once with her, we do not know what vitriolic torrents of fury he poured upon her. All we know is that she died eight days later.

The writing of love-letters has never been a popular pastime with the male of the human species. If the beloved object happens to be far removed from him, then he has to do it, and does it, as a rule, very ill. What famous collection of love-letters has been contributed to literature by a man? Writing thus at random, I can only think of a few, and none of them are worthy to be cited as perfect examples of the epistle of sentiment: as the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse can be cited in speaking of the amatory correspondence of a woman.

The letters Prosper Merimee wrote to his inconnue are full of a capricious, baffling charm; but then the man who wrote them was one of the greatest of stylists, a mine of curious information, and possessed of a brilliant, biting wit, and a cynical melancholy. But they could hardly be called love-letters. If the lady ever responded to any of them with more than the warmth of friendship, we may imagine what a chill her tenderness received by such a sentence as "the affection that you have for me is only a sort of jeu d'esprit. You are all esprit. You are one of those chilly women of the North;" or, in the early part of their acquaintance, where he disclaims any ambition of being her lover: "Perhaps I shall find in you what I have been looking for so long—a woman with whom I am not in love, and in whom I can have confidence." These certainly are not the strains that usually proceed from the lyre of the Love God. Moreover, midway in the correspondence the lady married, and the letters kept on as confidentially friendly, as coolly interested, as unemotionally familiar as ever.

The male correspondent seems invariably to tend toward a sort of voluble confidence in his letters to the One Woman. She is a pair of ears into which he pours, in a fluent stream, his ideas, hopes, aspirations, and ambitions. Swift, in his journal to Stella, now and then slipped into endearment; he had certain cajoling phrases of affection that he applied to her, droppings of the little language, that ran off the end of his pen, as he might have casually and carelessly kissed her had she been leaning on the back of his chair. But the interest of the journal is its record of the work, the amusement, the quarrels, the triumphs of the Irish dean. Stella, who was evidently of the loving, uncomplaining, forbearing sort, took what came without a murmur, and, I suppose, thought herself blessed that her friend condescended to write to her at all.

The gentleman (I think his name was Haskins) who, about a century ago, was executed for the murder of Miss Reay, left a small collection of love-letters which had an impassioned and genuine ring. Miss Reay, who had been a professional singer, and who had left the stage to become the ornament of the home of a noble peer, to whose household she contributed six children, was a woman of great beauty and charm. Haskins (let us decide that that was his name) met her somewhere, fell desperately in love with her, and declared his sentiments. Miss Reay at first gave ear to him, encouraged him, seemed for a time to have even contemplated deserting her peer and marrying him; then decided that a peer in the hand was worth any number of Haskinses in the bush and threw him over.

His letters, which cover the period of their acquaintance have more of the impetuosity and passion of real love-letters than those usually written by men. Yet even in these there was none of the fiery rush of words which distinguishes the epistles of the female scribe. They were all re-written, gone over, and embellished before they were sent. The lover kept copies of them, which were eventually found after his death. That his feelings, however he expressed them, were of the deepest, was proved by his final murder of Miss Reay. Finding her adamant, even indisposed to answer his love offerings, he stationed himself at the door of the opera house one evening, and, as she emerged, drew a pistol and shot her through the head.

In the love-letters of women there is no premeditation, no glance thrown ahead on consequences. The letter boils to the surface of the mind, and then boils over on the paper. The women who have written like this, and then, in the cool light of reason or a subsequent rupturing of the fond tie, have been ready to die of rage and shame at the predicament in which their ready pens have placed them, are by the thousand. They write letters in just the same mad, impulsive way in which they commit suicide. A man kills himself in the manner most effective, sure and speedy. He uses thought and judgment. A woman in a frenzy snatches up the nearest thing at hand, indifferent to the unnecessary pain it may cause her, or to its general inconvenience or discomfort.

Of late years the danger of writing love-letters has been increased a hundredfold by the possibility that their recipient may tie them neatly together, put them in a pigeon-hole, and some day, when he is hard up, sell them. The love-letters of women are, evidently high in the public's favor, and have been for centuries. Mlle. de Lespinasse's impassioned effusions were collected and published by the wife of the man to whom they were written. This might have been a subtle feminine revenge, but I am inclined to think that Mme. de Guibert was animated only by a desire to give the reading world a treat. She was a Frenchwoman, to whom a graceful letter is always a delight. And it seemed to her that the madly loving epistles of a woman who had an extraordinary control of the pen and an almost inspired talent in expressing her infatuation in writing, should be given to the public as one would give any other rare and valuable documents.

But when it comes to the man giving up the letters it is rather hard to regard it from a calm, literary standpoint. The gorge can not help rising at Mr. Joseph Nathan's offering up of the epistles Margaret Fuller wrote to him in the forties. In the first place, what a blow to think that Margaret Fuller—that Egeria of an intellectual day, the inspiration for Hawthorne's Zenobia, the one gifted woman that we could boast of in those remote arctic ages—should have fallen in love with a commercial German Jew, younger than herself and named Nathan! That is bad enough. Reading the letters one comes to the conclusion that Nathan, like M. de Guibert, was immensely proud of his conquest, but did not reciprocate the love he had inspired. Nevertheless, with a prudent Hebrew canniness where the dollars were concerned, he kept the letters, and years after their writer's death—he had that much decency—published them.

It would seem from these that Margaret was not so enraptured with her young Jew as she was with love itself. Byron says that women in their first affair love the man, and after that love love. This would seem to have been the case with the leading star of the "Tribune." She was well over thirty at the time she met Nathan, and having lived in a society where there were many interesting men, it is to be presumed that she had had other admirers before the German Jew. She used him as a sort of figure-head upon which she hung garlands of sentiment, amaranths of poetically expressed tenderness. But when, after a separation of some months, he tells her of his approaching marriage, what a deadly frost seems to kill the posies of her speech! She notes down in her journal that the affair is over, but she will be able to make use of it in a literary way. It is good material.

This philosophic conclusion seems to bear out the suggestion of the letters that they are not inspired by the divine flame of true affection. Of course, they were written in a transcendental day, when Emerson was speaking from the heights, and Bronson Alcott was trying experiments in low living and high thinking, and Brook Farm was a reality. But even so, that impulsion and rush of feeling, that fervid downpouring of impassioned words which marks the woman's letters to the beloved man, is absent. There is something frosty and considered in Margaret's tender phrases. They sound sometimes as if she were writing with an eye to the public. Nathan evidently—perhaps they were the only ones he ever had—thought they were just right. One can imagine him briding with pride as he perused them, and one can imagine her writing them in a sort of fine literary frenzy, not thinking much about Nathan, just using him as a peg upon which to hang the melancholy elaborations of her fancy.



Joseph Israel Tarte—By gar! I wonder how many year ze calf has been fattening for me.

When it comes to her using the experience as material, that is a purely literary trick. Ladies—and gentlemen—of the pen resort to it constantly. They are unsafe people to make love to. Liszt, after George Sand had tired of him, brought the charge against her that she stuck a pin through her lovers as through a butterfly, studied them for a space, put the result of her studies in a book, and threw them away. Perhaps this is a legitimate revenge for the dangers that surround the writing fraternity in their simple pastime of indulging in sentimental correspondence. While they are conscious that at any day their letters may be given to the public, the person to whom the letters are addressed does not know at what moment a book may not appear in which he figures as the hero, possibly as the villain.—Geraldine Bonner.

Care of the Fallen.

Major Archibald, the officer in charge of the prison operations in Canada, gave a most instructive and interesting address to a large meeting in the Army Temple on Thursday evening of last week. In speaking of the work, during the month of August, the major made the following statement, which gives an idea of the S. A. ideas and operations:

Adjutant Fraser, the city prison officer, has just handed me the figures for the month of August. These are exclusively his own work and I give them to you to-night in order that you might form an intelligent conception of that which is being accomplished in the uplifting of the unfortunate and depraved of humanity. Seventy-four visits made to the Central Prison and Don Jail; 644 men visited and dealt with in cells; 312 men visited and prayed with in cells; 68 hours spent visiting men and families outside; 34 men discharged from prison and found employment for; 38 men from the streets found employment for; 400 "War Crys" given away to men in the Don Jail.

Besides these figures, I have during August visited four of the leading penitentiaries in Canada, and one in the United States' territory, finding employment for some forty men on their discharge from these institutions, holding meetings in the prisons, and spending 96 hours in casual dealing with men behind the prison bars.

I am pleased to state here to-night that the S. A. Prison Gate movement has nothing to do with organizations who agitate and say much in connection with the operation of the law which is best in the management of penal institutions. Surely those in authority know what is best, and should suggestions be needed, would be in a practical position to give advice on these matters. We are content to work for the amelioration of distress and to help men through the operation of the law to become social units and good citizens. There is by far too much sickly sentimentality dispensed to law breakers and wrongdoers from no doubt well-thinking but misled people. In the light of facts it is reasonable to assume that the Almighty intended man to be without law? Creation, if it is anything, is a product of order. What a simple, but at the same time comprehensive and prolific, principle is here. Plato could tell his disciples no ultimate truth of more pervading significance. Is not order the law of all intelligible existence? Everything that exists in the world, everything that has either been made by the Almighty or the product of man of any permanent value is only some manifestation of law and order in its thousandfold possibilities; everything that has shape is only a manifestation of order. Look into this matter and you will find shape is only a consistent arrangement of parts. Shapelessness is only found in the whirling columns that have their curious balance in the storms that sweep across a desert but who can tell that even these forces might foretell and the individual grains of sand of which they are composed reveal mathematical miracles to the powerful microscope? Yes, every blade of grass in the field is measured, the green cups and the colored crown of every flower looking so beautiful in their gorgeous display at this season of the year are curiously counted. Look into the heavens and you will find the stars of the firmament wheel in cunningly calculated orbits. Turn your eyes again to mother earth and you will find even the very stones have their laws.

Looking at matters, then, in the light of eternal facts, we can only help man through the agency of human and divine law. Who understands better what man requires than his Creator. "Who knoweth his frame and remembereth that we are dust?" How strange, how sad, how awful is the fact that man moulded after the image of the Almighty Himself, the highest and holiest product given by Heaven to Earth, is capable in himself of the violation of every known or unknown law, moral, spiritual, or physical. How terribly deep the fall of man is we can only understand by realizing how exalted are his privileges and attainments under law. How beautifully plain and simple are His words, "This do and live," "this do and die."

The Smoking Room in Fact and Fiction.

LAST month we were discussing at some length the subject of the sea in fiction and the admirable treatment which the man before the mast has received in recent fiction. Now since the forecastle is receiving so much discriminating attention it is quite fair that another side of life on the ocean, that dealing with those persons to whom Kipling's four Scotch engineers, MacAndrews, refers contemptuously as "the first-class passengers," should be entirely ignored? The sailors in the rigging and the stokers down at the

mouths of the furnaces may lead more exhausting and exciting lives, but is there not a little bit of romance to be found in the dining saloon, on the promenade deck, and in the smoking-room? Occasionally a novelist brings in an ocean greyhound as the background for a deck-chair courtship, but the sea really has nothing more to do with the matter than if the game were being played out at Trouville or Narragansett. Typical books of this kind were Marion Crawford's "Dr. Claudius" and Richard Harding Davis's "The Princess Aline." Mr. Davis brought in a real touch of the sea in the last chapter of "Soldiers of Fortune," but it is a side of life which is particularly suited to his method of work, and one of which he has not made nearly enough use; so, after all, there remains only Mr. Kipling to whom one may turn for a glimpse of the adventurous in the lives of the passengers, and even then it is but a glimpse confined to A Matter of Fact which deals with three journalists on a tramp steamer in the South Atlantic, a few tales about Hans Breitman and the opening chapter of "Captains Courageous."

The first chapter of "Captains Courageous" stands at present as the most complete picture of the smoking-room of an ocean liner that has yet been shown in fiction, and any one who has ever spent many hours of an ocean voyage in that part of the vessel must have immediately been struck by the absolute and happy accuracy of the types of its frequenters. There were so many true touches in so brief a space that one felt instinctively that it was only Mr. Kipling who could have done it. Harvey Cheyne was by no means an essential of the picture, although there is hardly an ocean trip but what some badly disciplined American child of one sex or the other will be found to thrust himself or herself noisily in, but who does not recognize the stout German who gave Harvey the big black cigar? Turning again to the book, we are amazed to find that so little of him has been put down in cold type, for we certainly know him as well as if we had spent six hours a day in his company during an eight day trip. He is in business somewhere in Brazil or one of the other South American republics; he has crossed the Atlantic thirty-odd times and the Pacific four or five; he can tell you off-hand about the hotel accommodations in Singapore and the best way to establish railway connections between Calcutta and Bombay. And above all, he does not realize that he is traveling; somehow he looks upon all this globe trotting in the same spirit that the commuter regards his morning and evening journey, in which respect he differs very much from the gentleman opposite who is taking his first trip abroad, who hails from Evanston, Ill., and who will genially impart that information wherever he may go in Europe.

Over in another corner of the smoking-room, his head covered with a nautical cap of wondrous design, is "Pa," who may be briefly described as the husband of "Ma." "Pa" does not spend a great deal of time in the smoking-room; in fact, he looks upon the place, its atmosphere, its card playing, and its fondness for sherry and bitters and Scotch soda, with an eye of stern disfavor. It is the first time that he and "Ma" have ventured to cross what they call "the big pond," and for months they have been laboring under tremendous excitement. Two weeks later you will perhaps run across him in the smoking-room of some London hotel. They have already done the Trossachs, Edinburgh, and the English cathedral towns, and lacking "Ma's" iron will and determination to take in everything, he is tired of sight-seeing and yearning for home. He has cornered the smoking-room waiter and is explaining to him, enthusiastically, how they work the Volunteer Fire Department in his native town in America. The waiter is saying "Yes, sir; yes, sir; quite a sir!" and struggling to escape. "Pa" does not realize this; he is human; he is lonely, and he belongs to that certain class of Americans of which more experienced compatriots cannot always be proud abroad. On the ship "Pa" and "Ma" insist on sitting at the Captain's table, right next to the captain. At every meal throughout the voyage they play the genial officer as to the prices of the various hotels in Europe. They are astonished and disappointed beyond measure at his lack of specific knowledge.

"Pa's" belief in the iniquity of this portion of the ship becomes positive conviction as he looks sternly across the room to a corner where two gentlemen are dozing uneasily. In a few minutes they will awake and will immediately touch the electric button that calls the smoking-room steward, who will bring them more whiskey and soda, of which they have already had a little too much. They will generously invite everyone in the smoking-room to join them, and will beam amiably on "Pa," utterly oblivious of that worthy's disapproval. Despite appearances they are not the hardened reprobates that one might imagine. They are simply, at too late an age taking their first trip abroad. In his own town at home each is a worthy, respected, and industrious citizen; but this is a new experience to them, and it has somehow got into their heads that it is to be accompanied by an entire upheaval of established habits. A common friend brought them together just before the beginning of the voyage, and they decided to share the same stateroom. If you will believe either of them implicitly you will reach the conclusion that neither has been thoroughly satisfied with the arrangement. Each will take you aside confidentially, refer apologetically to the other as "the old fellow," deplore in hazy accents the other's fondness for tipping, and characterize his behavior in general as "disgraceful." Each will assure you twenty times a day that he never knew the other before this trip. Nevertheless they will beam at each other for hours over day after day taking their first trip abroad. In his own town at home each is a worthy, respected, and industrious citizen; but this is a new experience to them, and it has somehow got into their heads that it is to be accompanied by an entire upheaval of established habits. A common friend brought them together just before the beginning of the voyage, and they decided to share the same stateroom. If you will believe either of them implicitly you will reach the conclusion that neither has been thoroughly satisfied with the arrangement. Each will take you aside confidentially, refer apologetically to the other as "the old fellow," deplore in hazy accents the other's fondness for tipping, and characterize his behavior in general as "disgraceful." Each will assure you twenty times a day that he never knew the other before this trip. Nevertheless they will beam at each other for hours over day after day taking their first trip abroad.

The farce element is there, and the tragic element is not lacking. There is nothing in the demeanor of that wizened yellow Brazilian who is forever rolling cigarettes dexterously with his trembling fingers that leads you to suppose that in his head there is the certain knowledge that thirty days hence he shall have ceased to live. But coldly, impassively, he has just imparted that fact, together with the story of his life, to a compatriot. Inheriting a great fortune at an early age, he rushed into vice and dissipation with the evil precocity of the

South American and after fifteen years of lavish and hideous debauch had found himself shattered in body and with but a pittance of his great fortune left. One day, about three weeks ago, he felt a strange thumping in his chest, and went to his physician. The physician examined him with a face of darkening gravity, and then bluntly told him that he had less than two months to live, and that there was no power on earth that could save him. The Brazilian took the news calmly, and sat down to ponder the matter over. He found that he had come to love money left to take him to Paris and to live there for one month in that shameless depravity which he had come to love so well. His mind was instantly made up. He had to die; he would die in the manner he would have liked to live, surrounded by those scenes which appealed to the evil which was paramount in his nature and which alone could stir his jaded imagination.

There is nothing about the smoking-room of an ocean liner that should suggest Mr. Henry James' "Daisy Miller"—beyond the fact that we recently re-read that book in such a place—and yet the two together start us wondering why no American novelist of recent years has seriously taken up as a theme the idea of the New Americans Abroad. Now "Daisy Miller" was all right. It belonged to a period when all Americans abroad were supposed to be eccentric and rich. American men were thought by Europeans to be all Hiram and Joshua, and when they crossed the water in search of their wives and daughters they delighted Europeans by their lavishness and their manner of saying "I reckon," "you bet," and "to hum." This type has given way to another which is much less popular, and if Miss Daisy Miller is still to be found along the shores of Lake Geneva or about the Colosseum by moonlight, all we can say is that she is a very much changed young lady. Europeans have ceased to associate us with the ideas of vast wealth and eccentricity; and unfortunately have had too much occasion to think of us in connection with dishonest and undisciplined American jockeys, the schemes of wily American confidence men, and the successes of American millionaires who have pitted their rouseaux against the barons of Monte Carlo. Of course this charge is unjust, but it is suggestive. It is a certain phase of the new American abroad.

The Wooing of Benedict Arnold's Grandson.

THE name of Benedict Arnold is not one that may be used generally to conjure the heart of the ordinary patriotic girl from the United States. But it did. Forgotten are the long years of arduous service of the most brilliant officer in the Continental army, forgotten is his masterly retreat after Montgomery's defeat at Quebec, and forgotten is his reckless daring when he reanimated the shrinking columns at Saratoga and led them on to victory and made American independence a possibility. Remembered only by the Americans is his inexplicable treason to his countrymen when he negotiated with Andre for the betrayal of West Point. An American girl remembered it. I heard the story at Brookville the other day near the spot where Arnold's young sons had made their home after the independence of the United States had been declared.

The American girl knew the story of Arnold, and knew that the handsome devil-may-care Arnold that was so quietly attentive to her during the glorious summer days of the island studied St. Lawrence was his grandson. She was merely interested, she thought, in tracing the curious resemblance between the fiery, undisciplined Revolutionary figure and the reckless young Canadian who was so gentle when by her side. She seemed to realize the great possibilities for good and evil in the proud, passionate nature of the grandson that had given his forefather deathless fame as a soldier and inglorious infamy as a traitor. She resisted his forceful fascination, and when with hot passionate words that recalled the tense turbulent nature of him who wooed the belle of Philadelphia in the stormy days of the past, he asked her the world-old question that strong men tremble in the asking, the infamy of the Arnold, the friend of Washington, and next to him the hope of freedom's cause, came before her and between them. She knew well the exclamation that had followed that name in the hearts of her people, and she forbore to look at the bending figure above her on the verandah of the Thousand Island cottage. She hesitated to wound the proud, sensitive man, when from the other side of the lawn the childish treble of her precious nephew, the little Southern child with whom she had been ordered north for health's sake, piped out in the still night, "Traitor Arnold! Traitor Arnold! Oh! auntie! Fie, auntie! Traitor Arnold!"

She seemed to feel the shiver that went through the manly figure beside her, and she saw the strong lips quiver and then grow set and hard. The injustice of it all, mingled, it may be, with the pity that is akin to love, came to her, and the woman forgot flags and everything beyond the man she loved, and—The dear old lady who told me the story the other day here blushed and rearranged her beautiful white hair reminiscently and quietly said, "Well, they never said that the Arnolds, Benedict included, didn't make good lovers and husbands."

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

To The Pioneer.

"N"O colony under the British flag can boast more diverse nationalities working side by side than that portion of the Imperial Granary known as Manitoba," says an English paper. "The fair-haired Icelanders for the first time meet the dark-skinned Italian as they 'pump' a hand-car to their work on the railway. The Galician, Pole, Russian, Scandinavian, Belgian, Frenchman, German and Portuguese exchange signs with each other in the logging camp or on the railroad construction where they meet to learn the first lessons necessary to a modern Pioneer of the West."

"The bounteous harvests of the past three years have established Manitoba beyond any of the timid doubts raised by the lean seasons of the early nineties. Manitoba has 'come to stay'; to take her place in the world as one of the great wheat stores of Europe."

"Manitoba has passed the stage of the young countries who clamor for settlers to fill their waiting homesteads of 'free' land. To these the North-West Territories still hold out inviting arms, and welcome any workers who come to homestead their wide acres. This province is peculiarly well adapted at the present time to such settlers as are able to purchase lands as a going concern, and the same may be fairly said also of British Columbia and Ontario."

"Among the pioneers of the West who have established themselves in these provinces there are to be found many of those restless spirits who long to take up the gage again, conscious of their resourceful knowledge of every twist and turn in the hard contest with Nature, and backed by the cash from the sale of their old home, the lack of which made their early pioneering so uphill a fight. For the same reason the 'American' farmers now crowding into the North-West are the best of settlers, every implement, from a breaking plough to a threshing machine, being familiar to them, and 'an axe, an auger, and a hand-saw' the stern playthings of their childhood."

"The error of the modern English immigrant is to think he can pioneer in a strange country before first learning this lesson. True he has done it and done it magnificently, from the days of the 'Mayflower,' but he was not then, as now, in keen competition with men bred to the gage, alert to seize on the natural advantages which are to be learnt only by studying them at first hand."

"The early glories of Western pioneer life are departed for ever. The herds of buffalo are gone, their place taken by the ranchman's cattle. The rod and the rifle can no longer be depended on to supply the larder. The barbed-wire fence encloses many thousands of acres of cultivated prairie, once 'wild' land luxuriant with brilliant flowers and knee-deep in pea-vine and grass."

"Life has grown more prosaic on the prairies, but also less precarious. The migrating herd of buffalo might pass far from the frontiersman's camp, and his winter larder be unstocked, but the yellow wheat now waves where they thundered by, and hundreds of capacious granaries stand sentinels along every line of railway, awaiting their store of grain."

"Emigration is therefore also more prosaic than it was fifty years ago, and this should be better understood by the emigrant. Rather than spend his capital in homesteading 'free' land far beyond present railroads—as is the case of the Barr Colony—he should stay in the more settled districts. If he has no capital he should engage as a laborer for a year until he can swing an axe without chopping his foot, drive a team and wagon over the prairie without a runaway or an upset, work—and repair—a binder, a gang plough, or a mower. Then he may enter the competition of pioneering in the West with no handicap against his chance of success."

A New York doctor says a man may be cured of lockjaw by hitting him on the head with a hammer. He may if the blow's hard enough.

For **CONSTIPATION**

100

Of Girls in a Canadian College.

By Archibald MacMechan.

ALTHOUGH our college is a small one and little famous, it is still the chiefest in the well-known Province of Ultima Thule. It was founded early in the last century; and though our numbers be few and our housing unlovely, there are those that believe in our little college, admire it, love it. Some twenty years ago, certain ambitious girls signified their desire to attend it. The staff, the governors made no objection; the girls came, one looked within the year, the other crowned a full course with a good degree; other girls have been coming ever since. I have been young and am now old. I have had some hundreds of the college girl, as bred in these parts, under observation, and I have arrived at definite conclusions regarding her.

The popular imagination is a romantic thing. It transformed the middle-aged old woman in Southern tale of the three bears into the picturesque and mischievous Goldilocks. And it has created an impossible ethereal being, all good looks and good clothes, who subsists on carnations, and floats gracefully through her courses until she becomes one in a bevy of "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair." This is labeled "the college girl," and is exactly the kind of doll that great baby, the public, loves to play with.

The reality is very different. The Canadian college girl, as I know her, is an earnest young person, who is not carried to the skies of academic distinctions on flowery beds of ease. She knows the meaning and the value of hard work, with small leisure for frivolity of any kind. She may be an infant of sixteen, fresh from school, with her frock at her ankle and her hair in a "club," or she may be a mature woman, who may well have prepared her classmate for matriculation, or a city girl of means, with time on her hands, who takes a class or two because she wants to improve herself; but they all alike learn to work, and shun to be idle. More of our girls have taken honors in mathematics than in any other departments; but this may be due to the climate; the popular opinion is that the head that grows in Ultima Thule is particularly hard and strong.

Outwardly the life of the college girl is rather neutral-tinted. She comes from the country and finds a boarding-house for herself, where she exists in more or less discomfort. Her work is attending lectures; her diversions are church and the meetings of the two college societies for girls, a rare party, or a college "at home." She gives her days to lectures, does not dream of cutting even the dustiest, and her nights to study. Outwardly, it is not an attractive life, but every now and then comes a hint of how those who live it look upon it—a letter from the ends of the earth, a rarity for the museum, some books for the library, a picture for a classroom, a visit of an old student to his former haunts. The secret is that youth is the season of romance, and that within our homely walls the inner life of the intellect is kindled or fanned to brighter flame, that tingles all about it with the color of the rose. The young people get here something that they value, call it awakening, education, point of view, mental attitude, or what you will.

We have no "problem" in our little college. The young women sit at lectures with the young men; they read in the library and work in the laboratory together. They wear streamers of the college colors at the football matches, encouraging the gladiators by their presence at the celebration of their victory as well as at the actual contest. But they are neither rivals with the youths nor, to the acute observer, unduly friendly. The young men will open the door of a classroom for them and allow them to go out first; but there is no open flirtation. There was once a girl who came to the college for fun, and who had usually two or three youths about her, engaged in sparkling conversation. Her fate was strikingly appropriate; she married a minister. I have seen her since her marriage and her spirits have not abated. It must, however, be admitted that our college is, somehow or other, a matrimonial bureau—a friendly one. Our graduates show a very amiable propensity to marry within the family, so to say. In spite of lectures, examinations, and all the stress of intellectual effort, the old puzzle regarding the way of a man with a maid persists here as elsewhere.

"The god of love, al benedictie,
How mighty and how great a lord is he!"

There must be a good deal of question and answer; the ladies must get their faces of courting, but public opinion decrees that it must not be done on the premises. A few lines in the newspaper, or occasional wedding-cards, or the gossip of an old student, tell the faculty all they ever know of these affairs. The freaks of mating are as curious here as elsewhere; as when a stalwart football player chooses a quiet little slip of a girl, who looks as if a breath of wind would blow her away, and carries her off to Christianize the heathen at the other side of the world.

In other words, the relations between the young men and maidens are right and pleasant, as our girls find when they compare notes with their friends in other colleges. They discover that they have been treated with a courtesy and consideration not invariably accorded to girls at college. Part of the credit is due to the young men; but most to the young women themselves. They come from Puritan homes, where religion is a reality. They are good girls. As I sit alone in the long afternoon, in my eyrie that overlooks the sea, they come at twilight, down the deserted corridor, the sound of girlish voices upraised in a hymn; and, in the silence that follows, I know that they are praying. This exercise is not prescribed in the curriculum, but it forms no small part of their education, and, I imagine, of others. The college girls take their share of church work, sometimes to the detriment of their studies and standing, or they find time in the midst of heavy honor courses for works of mercy among the needy at their own door.

Let no one infer from the last remark but two or three that our girls lack their share of comeliness, of the essential charm of girlhood. Our class-rooms have here and there a picture, though our decoration is meagre; but the best are the living pictures. "Praised be Allah," says the devout Arab, "who made beautiful women!" and even in Ultima Thule he

would often hate such cause for thankfulness. The poor youths! they are so placed in the class-room that they can study only the rear view of various coiffures; but the lucky professor, by virtue of his office, may and must look his audience in the face, and if he dwells on the most attractive part of it, who shall blame him? The prevailing impression left on his mind is pinkish, for our Norland air is tempered by the sea, and sets a lasting rouge upon the cheeks that has known it from childhood. Elsewhere on this continent the color in the young girl's face is apt to be too faint. Tustala would have liked our Ultima Thulians, for here the young maidens have "quiet eyes." As I think of them, a long procession of fresh faces passes before me;

"I dream of a red-rose tree."

Jessica's face comes first—a baby face, except for its earnest look, full, round, dimpled, in color like a ripened peach. Jessica's eyes are blue, the blue of an April sky after rain, and her hair is wavy and fair. She looked soberly in class; but once she smiled when she thanked me for something she had learned, she said, from me. Jessica is a woman now, winning her bread by her own toil. I met her the other day, on my long walk, with a young man. They both had a happy, confidential air that proclaimed their relation as well as a placard. I think her days of independence are near an end.

Norah was true to her Celtic name, and Celtic blood. Generously made, impulsive, hearty, ready with her tongue, her wit, her laugh, Norah in the classroom made stagnation impossible. She had a trick of blushing when she laughed, and her color changed quickly. When she graduated, she was undecided between going on the stage and going into a convent; and she took the veil. I have seen her since. They have cut off her beautiful hair, and she wears the black habit and white coil of her order. Norah is her name no longer. I must call her Sister Theresia. But these changes do not go very deep. Sister Theresia is my old hearty, impulsive Norah, perfectly happy in her new sequestered life, a power in the convent school, and still warmly interested in her old college.

All the Bellair sisters were pretty. They were all well made, and with a peculiarly graceful carriage. They came in a long succession, and though not famous as students, were most decorative in the classroom. Kate, the eldest, was a court lady in our Shakespearean revival, and she looked the part. Their cousin, Bonibel, was girlishly slim, with brown eyes and ruddy brown hair. No more than a child when she entered college, she soon proved a good student, patient, systematic, steady as the clock. Without overworking, but by simple faithfulness, she won her high honors, and she deserved them. Not yet content, she worked for a higher degree; but I am glad to notice that she is no longer as thin as she was. Her friend and classmate was called "The Little Duchess" by the Old Professor, from the way she queneed it over the whole college. Every one liked her, and everyone made demands upon her; and that was the trouble. There was too much for her to do in the twenty-four hours of each day, and, for a time, she was forced to retire from the field. Her disappointment was extreme, but she waited, and the laurels were ready for her when she came back. Like the other Maud, her little head ran over with curls.

But my procession is growing too long; still I must not forget Anita, who has Spanish eyes that dance when she dances. She is in part exotic, a flower of the tropics, strayed in our stern north-land. Phoebe was a staid country lass, of the wholesome English type, with smooth black hair, bright red cheeks and brown eyes that looked black under sleek black brows and long black eyelashes. We had to break the news to Phoebe that she had won, by quiet, hard work, as great an honor as our little world has to offer. It was a complete surprise. Phoebe laughed and blushed, and gasped "I!" in thorough incredulity. I have seen many a rosy dawn and sunset, but never any play of color as fine as the come and go of the good red blood in Phoebe's face that day.

Neither our lads nor our lasses are weaklings. Half the college play football, and our champion team is a joy to behold. Di Vernon is as straight as a lance-shaft, and has swum across the bay, and back. A six-mile tramp over country roads is no great feat for any of them. Many are daughters of sea-captains, and have seen, as children, those strange places all round the world, that are for most of us mere names in story books. With this breeding, on or by the sea, they have gained character early. Janet spent her childhood in a lighthouse on a lonely island; her father has saved many a life; Flora remembers a "norther" on her father's ship in Valparaiso harbor; Hannah's earliest recollection is of a strange man, who could speak no English, knocking at the door one stormy night, all faint and dripping from a recent wreck.

But they are not all strong. Alicia, my best scholar, was in my classes two years before I was able to identify her. She was a quiet, slight little woman, very shy and low-spoken. Her voice was never heard in class, which was a pity, for it was caressing, clear and exquisitely modulated. Nearly two years passed before I could connect the perfect papers bearing Alicia's name with the most silent, most attentive student in the room. When I did, our friendship began. There is much virtue in work, in mastering the knowledge that is worth knowing, in learning how to wield and handle it, in making it subserve noble ends. This was the stamp of Alicia's work; it was full of this virtue; but the chief charm was the character that showed itself unconsciously in all that work. Strength to endure, an unvarying sweet patience, the scholar's modest ambition and enthusiasm, a richness of gentle affection that radiates warmth on all about her—these are Alicia. We are all friends now, but the years, as they pass, only give me better reasons for thinking well of her. Sorrow has come to her in many forms, one of the sorest being a long severance from her beloved books; but the fire has only made the gold finer. Mine is the opinion of all who know her. Her life is not one that most would choose; but it is neither without fruit nor without cheer. If only the jewel had not so frail a casing!

Honor was the best listener I ever had. Every speaker knows what I mean. The greater part of every class attends, and attends well; but once in a while you

Good Marksmanship.



Tourist (in Dakota)—How's the shooting about here—good?
Native—Good? Why, it's so well-nigh perfect that we've had ter build three additions to our cemetery in a year 'n a half.

entertain an angel, in the shape of a hearer, who is specially interested, who never takes his eye off you, who never misses a point, who is completely sympathetic. Such a hearer was Honor. Her face was a telltale mirror of what was passing in her mind; every thought, every emotion made some change there. Her eyes were the fresh, well-opened eyes of a child, free from concealment, from self-consciousness, from any shade of unreality or affectation. Frank, proud, sensitive, alert, open as the day, Honor was also fair to see, a tall, straight girl who looked her best in her habit and on horseback; eyes, a Scottish gray-blue; a mouth like Browning's Edith, the lips parting naturally and showing a little bit of two white, strong teeth. And a pretty wit had Honor, a way of putting things all her own. Once we played a comedy of Shakespeare's, and Honor was our star. Shall we ever forget her brightness, patience, docility, unflinching humor? Honor made the play, and left her friends a legacy of pleasant memories. Now she is happily married, and has gone to live in a far country. She writes that forget-me-nots grow thick in the Jhelum meadows; they grow also along the banks of Ultima Thule.

Constance came up to college with strong health, excellent preparation, and a merry face. A way of turning her head on one side, like a bird, and a twist of her lips into a quizzical smile are what I remember her by. Students fix themselves upon the teacher's memory by a trick of personality, displaying itself in word, or gesture, or question. Some phrase, or attitude, or incident establishes the identification forever. Many come and go like phantoms, impressing themselves in no way on the college memory; but Constance worked faithfully and cheerfully, earning the respect of the staff, moving in the brightness of her own making, and leaving behind her the afterglow of a rich and sunny nature. When she passed out of our halls for the last time, she little knew what was before her. Mercifully she did not. Constance was fated to be one of an English garrison besieged in a foreign city by the cruel yellow people. The first thing to do, after the investment began, was to write to the far-off friends and put the letters in the safe, so that they would know, in case the promise of relief came late. Otherwise precautions were taken. At the ringing of a bell, all the women and children were to assemble in one place, if the foe broke in. But they were not to be allowed to fall into the hands of the torturers alive. These were among the possibilities our little college girl had to face through weeks of agony. Quenching fire under a sleet of bullets, and the pitiful mother's tragedy, when the long strain was over—these things she has known, but neither she nor her friends will speak of them willingly as long as they live.

The college girl will play a part of increasing importance in the community; but as yet the community has done very little for the college girl, in Canada at least. Co-education is a temporary makeshift, due to the national poverty. The time is coming when our women will have their education apart, when it will be shaped to their needs, capacities, tastes, and destiny. There is already such a college, where the students have grown from less than a score to over a thousand in its short lifetime of twenty-five years. It is a beautiful country town, in a broad valley between ranges of serrated hills. The college is the result of a large plan intelligently carried out. The girls are not allowed to drift into casual boarding-houses, nor are they herded in huge dormitories. They live in little homes, ten or twenty together, under the care of one of the staff. There is a homelike air about the place that strikes the stranger at once. An ample gymnasium, a picture gallery, a library, a chapel where I saw the life of twenty-five girls in their original classrooms, laboratories, hammocks under the apple trees about the tennis courts, are among the more obvious provisions for the education of the lucky girls who can attend this college.

Our Canadian girls deserve as good treatment—"Atlantic Monthly."

Maurice Best Cured.

Dyspepsia Kept Him in Misery for Years—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Indigestion and Dyspepsia have become such common complaints that most people accept their aches and pains as a matter of course. They do not stop to realize to what terrible suffering they lead unless promptly checked and cured. The story of Maurice Best of Southern Harbor, Nfld., should be a warning to them.

"In 1892 I was attacked by Dyspepsia," says Mr. Best. "It gradually got worse, till I was in continual misery. Sometimes I would go off in a faint and for ten or fifteen minutes I would be more dead than alive."

"I took doctors' advice and prescriptions, but though they gave me a little help, they failed to cure me. Then I started to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and Dodd's Kidney Pills. The first two boxes gave me new life and a further use of them made me a new man."

"I confess I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Your case may not be as bad as that of Maurice Best. But if they saved his life, how sure it is they will cure your aches, pains and discomforts."

A lock of the Duke of Wellington's hair brought \$25 at a London auction the other day.

Mr. Edison's Ideas on Radium.

THOMAS A. EDISON has evolved and announced a theory which he believes solves the problem that has been puzzling scientists ever since the discovery made by Madame Curie of the peculiar properties of radium and the kindred substances uranium and thorium. The phenomenon presented by these substances, as is generally known, is their apparent property of giving off actinic rays of peculiar chemical properties, somewhat similar to the Roentgen rays, without any apparent loss of energy or bulk. Based on these observed phenomena several new theories of matter have been put forward, all of which accept as a fact the apparent origin of the energy within the substances themselves.

Mr. Edison's theory eliminates this contradiction of accepted natural laws, and indicates the possibility that the energy emitted by radium is merely reflected, as it were, from some unknown source.

"I have made extensive experiments with the Roentgen ray and with radium," said Mr. Edison to a representative of "Harper's Weekly," "and have come to the conclusion that these new substances are not the sources of energy, but are rendered fluorescent by the action of some hitherto undetected ether vibration or ray." Just as the Roentgen ray and the Herzian wave remained undreamed of for centuries after the phenomena of sound, light and heat were well understood, so it is not only possible but extremely probable that there are other rays in the immense gamut from sound to ultra-violet which we have not yet discovered. In my own experiments I have found that the ordinary electric arc when raised to an extremely high temperature gives off a ray which renders oxalate of lithium highly fluorescent. In the same way the Roentgen ray renders platinum-baryum-cyanide, tungstate of calcium, and cupro-cyanide of potassium highly fluorescent—that is, the X-ray sets up in these substances a condition of activity which results in the emission from them of actinic rays and a small amount of heat.

"My theory of radio-activity is that the rays which the new elements emit are set up in the same way, the substances being rendered fluorescent by some form of ether vibration which is undoubtedly all-pervading, but has not yet been isolated or measured, and which may have some extra-planetary origin. To accept any other theory is to declare one's belief in perpetual motion, in getting something for nothing."

"It is not at all strange that only two or three substances have yet been found which exhibit this phenomenon, as there are only three substances known which are rendered fluorescent by the Roentgen ray. It is a peculiar coincidence, moreover, that the only one of the known fluorescent substances that is ever found in its natural state, tungstate of calcium, is always more or less closely associated with pitchblende, from which all the radium so far made has been extracted."

"I believe this theory is capable of proof, but I shall be content to let someone else prove it. I am through for all time with experiments in radio-activity. Two ray assistants have been maintained for life by their close association with the Roentgen rays, and I myself have one eye badly out of focus and am suffering from severe stomach disturbances from the same cause. The new dark-room laboratory which I have just completed for such experiments will remain unused or be converted to some other use."

Something New in Hotels.

To whom it may concern: We beg leave to call your attention to the following novel features of the unrivaled, up-to-date society hotel, which the un-



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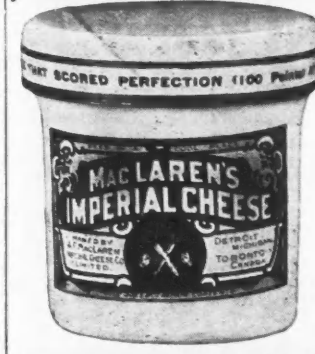
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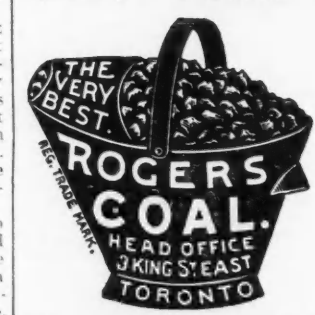
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Our bell-boys will be mutes, our chambermaids will be blind, our coachmen will be deaf, telephone operators will be discharged twice daily, and every other effort will be made to secure privacy.

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Arrangements will be made for a satisfactory time-table, and affidavits that trains left ahead of schedule time will be issued to married men on payment of the notary fee.

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For Love's Sake.

A Budapest paper reports another romance of the Austrian Imperial family. The Archduke Eugene, brother of the Queen Regent of Spain, it says, has fallen in love with the pretty daughter of a petty tradesman, and has resolved to renounce his title and birthright and marry her. Archduke Eugene is thirty-nine, has the rank of a general, and commands an army corps in the Tyrol. He is of

gigantic stature, is extremely handsome, and is frequently seen in the streets of Vienna, where his free and easy manners have made him a popular favorite.

Just So.

Little Elmer (who has an enquiring mind)—Papa, which bone was it that was taken from Adam to make a woman of?

Professor Broadhead—The bone of contention, my son—"The Smiler."

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Western Excursion.

On September 24, 25, 26 the Wabash will sell round trip tickets at lowest first-class fare, good until October 12, to Chicago or Indianapolis, all tickets to read via Detroit and over the Wabash, the short and true route to above points. Diagram of through sleepers now ready. For rates, time-tables, address any railroad ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Special Train to Guelph, Berlin and Stratford.

Will leave Toronto Union Station via Grand Trunk at 11 p.m., North Parkdale 11.10 p.m., Thursday, September 3, to Friday, September 11, inclusive, for Brampton, Guelph, Berlin, Stratford, and all stations between Guelph and Stratford.



THE band of the Coldstream Guards, it is announced, will pay a return visit to Toronto and will appear this (Saturday) afternoon and evening also on Monday evening at Massey Hall. At the evening concert Manager Houston will provide a "grand sensation." He proposes to engage two hundred bandsmen to assist the Coldstream in a performance of a descriptive sketch entitled "Glories of the Empire." People who have heart disease, or who are subject to vertigo, or have a sensitive hearing, may be advised to stay away, as the consequences of such a diabolical cacophony in the confined space of Massey Hall may prove disastrous to them.

Mary Hallock, the pianist and writer on musical subjects, has an article in the "Popular Science Monthly" for the current month which advances a very ingenious theory, which it is said was foreshadowed as long ago as the fourth century before Christ, and which is nothing more nor less than that there is a connection between the rhythmic repetition of sound and the beat of the pulse. Miss Hallock, as the result of her study and notion between the rhythmic repetition of sound and the beat of the pulse, she has discovered that the metronomic markings of musical compositions are set almost without variation to a rhythm which is contained within the scope of the human heart-beat. "The average clock time rate in the numbers of Handel's 'Messiah,'" says Miss Hallock, "is 72-1-2 beats per minute, exactly the rate of the average, normal, healthy pulse." And, further: "From the beginning of the first volume of Beethoven's Sonatas, nineteen are set to a rhythm of from 72 to 73 beats to the minute, and all the rhythmic markings of these sonatas lie between 60 and 80 beats to the minute, exactly the normal pulse varied by the time of day and meals." The subconscious timing of melody to the great scheme of nature is certainly a startling suggestion.

Mr. Frank E. Blackford, solo violinist, will be in Toronto this season, and is prepared to accept engagements in concert work and also a limited number of pupils. He is offering a scholarship at the Conservatory of Music, where particulars can be obtained.

Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn has returned to town and has resumed teaching at the Conservatory of Music, where she can be consulted either by appointment or on Monday and Thursday mornings.

The question of appointing a successor to the late Mr. Barclay, secretary of the Conservatory of Music, was considered at a meeting of the directors on Friday, and was referred to a committee. As there are about thirty applicants for the vacancy, it is not likely that the committee will be able to report in less than a month's time.

Henry T. Finck has now been twenty-two years musical editor of the New York "Evening Post." His articles have been distinguished by an excessive laudation of the music of Schubert, Chopin, Wagner, Liszt, Tchaikowski, Franz, Grieg and Dvorak, and a constant depreciation of the works of Beethoven, Handel and the older masters.

The lay reader of the daily newspapers is often puzzled by the word "phrasing," which is so often used in musical criticisms. Mr. Ernest Hutchison, in an article in the Boston "Musical World," endeavors to explain the meaning of the term in an intelligible manner. "Phrasing," he writes, "may be defined as the proper delivery of musical sentences. The very word 'phrase,' as used in music, has a meaning analogous to that attached to it in literary composition. In the latter a phrase is a group of words in context; in the former, it is a group of tones in context. Phrases are capable both of sub-division and of being joined together so as to form 'periods,' or complete sentences. In musical phrasing all the faults of reading have their exact counterparts, the latter being every whit as ridiculous to an educated ear as the former. Common sense demands, then, that a melody or piece, to be intelligible to all hearers, must be played with suitable punctuation and accentuation. In piano playing the beginning of a phrase is indicated by a dropping of the hand or arm upon the keys; the end of a phrase is shown by lifting the hand, thus breaking the continuity of tone, and points of climax are marked by accent. The beginning of a phrase should be accented when falling on a strong beat, or when the first note is syncope, or when the climax coincides with the first note. It is unaccented apart from the cases just mentioned, when not occurring on a strong beat, or in other words, the first note of a phrase is accented only if rhythmically or melodically prominent. The end of a phrase is almost always accompanied by a decrease of tone, even if the last note falls on a strong beat, and it is as natural to do this as it is to drop the voice at the end of a spoken sentence. However, the last note of a phrase is accented if it coincides with a point of climax. We should naturally be inclined to look for the note of the highest pitch, the climax of a phrase, and this expectation will seldom be disappointed. It is immaterial whether the high note occurs on a strong or on a weak beat. A note may also be entitled to emphasis on account of its superior length, or occasionally because of its harmonic importance, as if a discord. We therefore find that the rule of metrical accent prescribing emphasis on the strong beats of measures is generally respected in the beginning, but nearly always ignored in ending periods, while it usually remains in abeyance during the continuance of a phrase, stress being reserved for notes of melodic prominence. But punctuation and proper accentuation only give correctness after all to phrasing. Beauty and expressiveness are only possible when we add appropriate inflection or shading of tone. Here once more common sense will assist us to

discover a guiding principle, for if climaxes and high notes require the greatest emphasis they will most naturally be approached crescendo and departed from diminuendo. Hence, as a general rule, upward progressions are played with increasing, downward progressions with decreasing, tone."

Jacques Thibaud, the eminent French solo violinist, is to make his debut at the Wetzlar symphony concert in New York, at Carnegie Hall, October 30. It is understood that he will be heard in Toronto during this season.

Edouard Baumann, formerly tenor soloist at Wesley Methodist Church, Dundas street, has accepted a similar position at the First Unitarian Church, Jarvis street.

Mr. W. Y. Archibald has returned to Toronto from Italy, where he has spent the summer studying in Florence. He will reopen his studio for the reception of pupils on September 22.

Mr. A. T. Cringan, whose work as director of music in the public schools is favorably known throughout the province, is now engaged as a teacher of voice culture in the Conservatory of Music. As a preparation for this work he has had the advantage of several years of study under the leading voice specialists of London, Eng., and has given much attention to the correct placing and development of the singing voice. The method adopted has already resulted in several pupils being selected for responsible solo positions in leading church choirs of the city.

According to statements made in the European press, the new Pope is a determined advocate of the plain chant in divine service. In 1895, when he was Cardinal Sarto, he wrote a long letter on the subject of the music that should be used in places of worship. This, he insisted, should be characterized by sacredness, artistic dignity and universality—qualities which he claimed are found in the Gregorian chants and in polyphonic music of the Palestrina school. All music of a light, florid and theatrical character should be forbidden. The New York "Evening Post," in commenting upon these statements, says that it seems somewhat strange that the Pope, holding these views, should have been one of the chief patrons of Perosi, who is now master of music at the Sistine chapel. Perosi's oratorios "The Post" judges to be little more than operas with sacred subjects.

I do not think that the musical Roman Catholics of Canada will be very well pleased at the prospect before them of hearing nothing in the churches but Gregorian chants droned out through the noses of the singers. From a purely musical point of view, it is a retrogressive step to revert to a primitive style. In Toronto at least the Gregorian chant has been mostly an imitation. How poor and bald music can be more religious than the rich creations of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Liszt is not very plain.

Mr. Boughton-Wilby gives some interesting contrasts in the "Musical Courier" between Johann Strauss and Johannes Brahms, who were close friends. It would have been difficult to find two men more unlike in their works. And the contrast to be found in the music of the two men also existed in their lives. Strauss lived in a fine mansion built for himself, wrote at an elegant desk by electric light, was always surrounded by jovial friends, and died in a bed of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Brahms occupied a few rooms in a cheerless house, wrote at a standing desk worth about fifty cents, used candles to the end of his life, cared little for boon companions, and died in a common wooden bed. And yet it is said Brahms would have cordially declared that Johann Strauss was a greater genius than Richard Strauss of strenuous symphony fame.

In an article on "The Man in the Orchestra," by Leo Oehmler, printed in the Boston "Musical Record and Review," attention is called to the seriousness with which the humblest player may regard the responsibility of his position. The writer, while a student at the Sondershausen Conservatory, often rubbed elbows at the same "Biertisch" with the kettledrum man of the local orchestra. This man spoke of his instrument as reverently as if it were a Cremona violin. "Those fellows cannot execute a roll," he would say contemptuously, in speaking of the performance of the tympanists of other famous orchestras; nor was this mere vanity. Liszt bestowed lavish praise on this man after hearing him in some important compositions, for he played with expression. Daily, for hours, he would practice the roll, in all degrees of volume and force. He would speak of an elastic tone, a flexible tone, an intense or indifferent tone. He would speak of how to shade a roll artistically as a violinist would of a sustained fermata note. His musical feeling was of the finest. Such a drummer may be more of an artist than many a singer who gets as many dollars as he gets cents. CHERUBINO.

The Brother as a Chaperon.

A chaperon is a luxury not within the reach of all girls, and the only real substitute of value is a brother. But when a brother accepts this most useful office he is looked upon as a "makeshift," and as a person undesirable and incompetent. Therefore, a mother takes pains to secure for her daughter the companionship of almost anyone of her own sex rather than a brother.

This is a gross injustice to brothers. Any girl who has been chaperoned by her brother will tell you that he is the best possible person for the office. Any man who has enjoyed the society of a young lady under the chaperonage of her brother will say the same. Brothers who have acted as chaperons say that a man takes to the work quite naturally and with plenty of confidence. In addition to this evidence, it is common knowledge that the chaperon dislikes her office, is disliked by the young lady she chaperones, and by the men who would know the young lady.

A man is liked best as a chaperon because he is broad-minded and generous. He does not want to lead his sister into the most crowded parts of the flower-show and talk inanities to old bobbies; he doesn't reprove her if she dares to say something funny. He doesn't preserve a countenance of prim severity, and pose as the goddess of propriety.

Neither does he take his sister into the company of undesirable men, as lady chaperons often do; he gives such persons a wide berth, and introduces his little sister only to those men who are good, honest, whole-hearted fellows.

The brother chaperon can give his sister much advice that will be of more use to her than etiquette books. He can point out the men she should not know, and he can unhesitatingly expose their worthlessness. He can tell her a dozen little things that stamp the good man as a good man, and a dozen others that mark the bad one for what he is.

There is no fear of a brother leading his sister into indiscretions. That is the last thing he would do. He takes at the same time a lively interest in a love affair, and does his best to leave the young couple alone together for five minutes at intervals.

The brother chaperon is rare, because the only one available is he who has a greater fondness for his own sister than somebody else's.—"Modern Society."

A Gentle Reminder.

The following style of typewritten letter is suggested for use when you don't care to say it right out:

"Dear Sir—You will please excuse this but I am sorry to say that the letter I am sending you is a very poor one. I cannot do better. I wish to say, however, that if you should happen upon Street some day soon, I would consider it a source of great pleasure if you would stop in and see us about a certain small matter that should be settled. Your sincere servant," etc.—Columbia "Dispatch."

Reversing Things.

We understand that there is a growing fashion among men to wear wedding rings. This is a healthy sign that the fair sex is to be fought with its own weapons. The girls have taken to wearing our collars and neckties and shirt-fronts, so that a moderate course of reprisal seems justifiable. By and by, when the change over is a little more developed, we shall see the good wife starting for the city, while her husband, in a housekeeper's uniform, will stand at the garden gate waving an affectionate good-bye with a soft-haired broom.

Seaside Talk.

She—I feel so sad—we're going back home to-morrow.
He—By Jove! So are we.
She—Oh, I am glad. What train are you going by?

Already Provided.

A certain small village, far removed from the noise and bustle of commerce, boasts a female preacher, and the lady's duties are many. One day she may visit the sick, another attend a funeral, and the next baptize a baby. One afternoon she was preparing the sermon for the following Sabbath when she heard a timid knock at the parsonage door. Answering the summons she found a bashful young German standing on the step and twirling his straw hat in his hands. "Good afternoon!" the preacher remarked. "What do you wish?"

"Dei say der minister lived in dis house, hey?"
"Yes, sir."
"Yes? Well, I want me to kit merriest."
"All right; I can marry you," she said. The lady's hair is beginning to silver, and the German glanced at it. Then he jammed his hat on his head and hurried down the path. "What's the matter?" she called after him.

"You gets no chance mit me," he called back. "I don't want you; I haf got me a girl already!"—"Modern Society."

Science and Matrimony.

He (the accepted one, enthusiastically discussing their projects for the future)—I think it would be a splendid idea, when we marry, to have the kitchen fitted with a radium cooking range. The betrothed (who doesn't believe in long engagements, very sweetly)—Er—yes, darling, but if radium does not come into use—say, in one month's time from to-day, we won't wait for it, dear, will we?

Intelligence Personified.

Vicar of Country Parish (interviewing new venter)—Now, Mr. Jones, with regard to the collections. When there is a sermon, I shall want you to make the collection immediately after; and when

Mr. Jones (anxious to appear intelligent)—Yes, sir, I quite understand you, sir; and when there is not a sermon, sir, the collection takes place immediately before!

A Lesson in Tact.

A few weeks ago, says James MacArthur in "Harper's Weekly," I quoted some passages in these columns from a correspondence between the Brownings in the days of their early acquaintance, on Carlyle's strong dislike of poetry. I have just heard of a new story on the same theme which is told by Professor Goldwin Smith. It appears that Professor Smith was once a visitor with Carlyle at Lady Ashburton's house when Tennyson was one of the circle at "The Grange." Tennyson was asked to read one of his own poems aloud, but, to the surprise and disappointment of his gentle hostess and her company, he refused—a thing he was never apt to do. Looking across the room, Professor Smith saw the cause of the difficulty. Close to Tennyson sat Carlyle, who was wont to make a universal sweep of poetry in its relation to common sense when aroused by the proximity of the Muse. Professor Smith, devoting himself to the public good, and, we may add, in courteous consideration of his hostess, crossed the room, and invited Carlyle to take a stroll in the grounds. The Sage accepted the invitation, and, during the stroll, the poet brought off his reading.

Paid in His Own Coin.

The editor of a Chinese paper published in San Francisco, while retaining all the characteristic reticence of his race, is nevertheless rather clever at repartee, as was recently instanced when a rather dapper young fellow called at the office to sell a certain grade of pa-

per. The editor affects the American style of dress, and the "drummer" thought he would be smart, and opened the conversation by impudently asking, "What kind of a 'nese are you—a Japanese or a Chinese?" The editor smiled blandly, and with a courteous bow, retorted: "Before I answer your enquiry will you kindly inform me the kind of key you are—a monkey, a donkey, or a Yankee?" The "commercial" fled in dismay.—"Modern Society."

A Good Advertisement.

Will N. Harben was on a train going out of New York recently when a newsboy approached him with an armful of books. He promptly offered Mr. Harben a copy of his own novel, "The Substitute."

"It's by the author of 'Abner Daniel,'" exclaimed the boy. "Have a copy?"

"I've read it," replied the author, shaking his head.

"Oh, you have!" exclaimed the boy, as a couple of passengers leaned forward to listen. "How did you like it?"

"Pretty well," said Mr. Harben. Then, thinking of the tedious hours spent in revisions of the manuscript and proof-reading, he added, impressively, "I have read it five times."

"Five times!" exclaimed the boy, and the two passengers promptly purchased copies, as the enterprising bookseller moved on through the car, saying: "The Substitute"—new book, just out; one man read it five times. Only a few copies left!"

An Indefinite Article—of Costume.

In a notice of a recent wedding the reporter, "dropping into poetry," described how

"The bride went away
In a dress of pale gray,

silk voile trimmed with lace, and a tulle hat to match," all, presumably, her own property; but the fact is questionable, as it is not distinctly stated, nor can it be so implied, owing to the use of the indefinite article—"Punch."

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Social and Personal.

Sergeant Reburn has received highly interesting letters from his son, Mr. W. G. Reburn of the Imperial Life, who is touring in Europe in company with Mr. J. C. Moore. They sailed from New York on the "City of Milan" on July 28th. The description of Venice and the Grand Canal marks Mr. Reburn as a writer of unusual interest. They visited Naples, Rome, Venice, Lucerne, Paris, London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and were in Belfast on the 6th, en route to Dublin and the South of Ireland.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Taber, in Alexander street, was the scene of an interesting event last Friday evening, when Miss Clara Gort-rude was married to Mr. Burton S. Blackwell of Vancouver. The drawing-room was decorated with banks of palms and ferns, the ceremony being performed under a bell of roses. The Rev. Dr. Pearson of Holy Trinity Church officiated. The bride was charmingly attired in a Parisian lace robe over pink silk. The only jewel worn was a diamond pendant, the gift of the groom. She carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses, and was attended by her sister, Miss Lulu, who wore shirred bisque chiffon over green taffeta, handsomely ornamented with Oriental lace, and carried pink roses. She wore a sunburst of diamonds and turquoise, the gift of the groom. The groomsmen were Rev. Walter Nugent of Chicago, who was presented by the groom with a diamond stick pin. Miss Hamilton of Montreal played the Mendelssohn Wedding March as the bride entered the drawing-room with her father. After the ceremony the guests enjoyed refreshments. The bride was the recipient of many handsome and costly gifts. Later in the evening the happy couple left amid showers of roses and good wishes for a short trip through the Eastern States.

One of the prettiest autumn weddings took place in Sherbourne street Methodist Church at half-past two o'clock on Sept. 17, when the Rev. Solomon Cleaver married Miss Mattie Wickens, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wickens, to Mr. Frederick S. Corrigan, of this city. The bride entered the church with her father, and looked a picture in a dainty gown of white silk, over taffeta, the skirt and bodice trimmed with rare point lace and pearls. She also wore a veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. She was attended by Miss Irene Sterling, as maid of honor, who also looked very sweet in a gown of cream crepe de Paris over silk, trimmed with lace and medallions. She wore a black picture hat, and carried pink roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Gena Wickens, sister of the bride, and Miss Meta Corrigan, sister of the groom, who looked charming in gowns of blue silk, trimmed with wide lace and insertion, and wore black picture hats and carried white roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Charles A. Whithead, and the ushers were Mr. Charles Corrigan, brother of the groom, and Mr. Allen Savage. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion, and Mr. Arthur Blakeley presided at the organ. After the ceremony the bridal party received at the home of the bride's parents, 30 Earl street, amid a shower of roses and ferns. The happy couple left by the 5 o'clock train for an extended trip to the coast, and on their return will reside in Parkdale.

Invitations have been issued to the marriage of Miss Alma Maude Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Martin, 74 Seaton street, and Mr. Albert P. Park. The ceremony takes place on the 23rd inst.

The many friends of Mrs. Le Grand Reed will be interested to hear that she is still abroad, and studying vocal under Marchesi for professional work.

Mrs. Alfred E. Hunt, of North street, left on the 15th inst. to visit friends in Pasadena, California, and her old home, Denver, Colorado, where she will be the guest of her brother, Mr. J. G. Campbell, of the Union Railway Company.

The marriage of Miss Jean Beatrice Pattillo, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Pattillo, to Mr. Emil R. Kiewert, of Milwaukee, Wis., took place on Monday afternoon, Sept. 14th, at the residence of her father, 152 Rose avenue. Rev. E. C. Cayley, rector of St. Simon's, officiated. The bride was given away by her father, and attended by her sister, Miss Maud Pattillo, while Mr. E. A. Edmonds was groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs.

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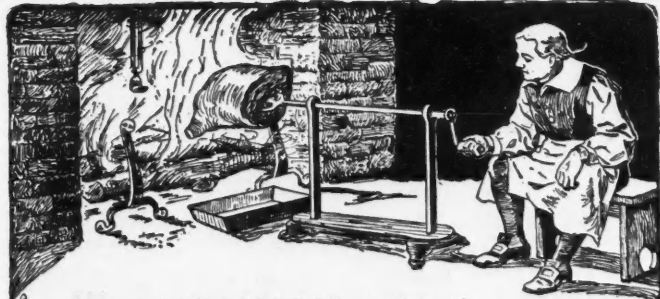
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Kiewert left on the evening train for the West and will take up their residence in Milwaukee.

Great Sale Polo Ponies.

The Calgary ponies which have made such a creditable showing in the tournament this week will be sold by Mr. Harland Smith, at the Repository, cor. Simcoe and Nelson streets, on Wednesday next, at 1.30 p.m. Catalogues are now ready. Mr. H. R. Middleton, of Okotoks, one of the players, and the owner of the ponies, has had many tempting offers for some of the ponies, but as they are advertised to be sold by auction, prefers to sell them to the highest bidder. The ponies will all be at the Repository for inspection and trial on Monday and on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. The ponies will all be exhibited with stick and ball in the sale ring at the Repository. Ladies and gentlemen interested in the sale or the game are invited then, and also to the sale on Wednesday, at 1.30 p.m.

Prof. E. Masson, from Victoria University, has resumed his private and class lessons in French, at his residence. Telephone No. 1648.

Her Way.

Eva was very patient while he admired the other girls. She even helped him along—a girl does not gain anything by running down other girls. When he

said that Angelina waltzed perfectly she nodded enthusiastically, saying, "Doesn't she! And you know, she was really awkward four seasons ago. Every year she is out she gets more graceful. I suppose it's practice."

Then he remarked on what stunning tailor clothes Maud Devere always wore. "She gets them from the new Vienna tailor," Eva explained. "He makes a model for each customer, fits the model and pads it out, so that it just goes on the customer as if she were the model. I think she looks rather effeminate in that topeat of hers, don't you?"

He thought perhaps she did, and then mentioned Diana Gidding. "She's a hummer!" he declared. "Isn't she great company? Keeps a man interested and never tires him. Has money, too, hasn't she? Almost the nicest all-around girl down here. Her clothes don't fit her, though."

Eva was only human, after all, and she lifted her eyebrows wearily. "No, they don't fit her," she assented softly, "but then—think if they did!"

A Costly Ring.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor is believed to own the most costly ring in America. It was made in Paris, and has three large emeralds surrounded by diamonds. The entire circle is encrusted with tiny diamonds, and the emeralds are declared to be as nearly perfect as any ever seen in Amsterdam. A flawless emerald is the rarest of gems. This ring is valued at \$10,000.

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The Choice of Jeffy.

"There's five!" Jeffy announced at dinner. He had spent nearly all the morning with them, and he was in the "addition table" at school, so he knew.

"Five? What a lot!" mama said, interestedly. "Are they all pretty ones, Jeffy?"

"Yes'm, all 'cept just one. He's homely. I guess it makes him ache, for he keeps a-crying. The other thr'-four,"—Jeffy had not got to the "subtraction table" yet, so it was not surprising he said three at first—"the other four," he corrected himself, "are puffy beauties, yes, sir! You ought to see 'em, mama!"

At tea-time there was another announcement. This time Jeffy's face was radiant.

"I can have one!" he shouted, in his excitement. "Mrs. Jumper says so! She says I can have first choice—there!"

"Why, isn't that beautiful, dear!" mama said. "Which one are you going to choose?"

"Oh, I can't tell yet—'sif! I'm going over every day an' decide. It takes a great deal of time. There's a white an' black one, an' a black an' white one, and two little Malty ones all over."

"And the homely one, Jeffy."

"Yes'm, of course, the homely one."

"Does it still make him ache?" Mama's voice was pitying and gentle. "It must be awful to be as homely as that, Jeffy!"

"He keeps on a-crying," Jeffy replied. He did not care to talk about the homely one.

Every day Jeffy went over to Mrs. Jumper's to decide. He decided differently every day. Monday he chose the white-and-black kitty. Tuesday, the black-and-white one. Wednesday he decided on the Maltest Malty one. But on none of the days—Thursday nor Friday—did he choose the homely one. Jeffy thought it grew, if anything, a little homelier.

Friday at dinner Jeffy announced his latest decision.

"I think the Malty one that isn't quite so Malty," he said. "That one's got such a puffy beautiful little face! But I'm going to take one day more to decide."

Saturday there was no school, and Jeffy could spend all the time he liked up in the sweet, clovery haymow, deciding. He lay stretched out beside the little scooped-out nest in the hay, and stroked one after the other of the tiny, soft kitties with his kind little hands—all but the homely one. Jeffy did not stroke the homely one. He was a little afraid to, for fear—of course there was not any real danger. The idea of choosing the homely one! Still, the little forlorn crying kind of hurt, you could not help hearing it.

When Jeffy went home on Saturday he had his kitty snuggled up in his blouse. It was purring as if it was having a beautiful time.

"Why!" Mama took a peep. "Why, Jeffy, it's the homely one!"

"He's a very nice kitty," Jeffy said, stiffly. Then he fell to stroking the warm ball of fur, and his kind little fingers were very tender. Then, after a while he explained softly: "I took him up for a minute just to comfort him, because he was crying and so mis'ble, and I found out that he was the most lovingest one of all."—Annie Hamilton Donnell in "Youth's Companion."

Work and Longevity.

John Clemens, who is ninety-seven years old, says that work is the greatest promoter of long life. He is still hale and hearty, and looks back over a life well sprinkled with misfortunes with satisfaction and contentment. He still works, and says he hopes to work for a good many years more. His rules for long life are simple, and, as explained by him, are as follows:

- Work is the key to a long life.
- Work is natural exercise.
- Work creates a natural appetite.
- Work brings restful sleep.
- Work fortifies against disease.
- Work brings happiness and prosperity.
- Eat with moderation.
- Eat whenever you are hungry.
- Eat wholesome food.
- Eat seasonable vegetables.
- Drink whatever you wish, moderately.
- Never drink to excess.
- Avoid excitement and late hours.
- Use tobacco, but not in cigarettes.

Everything comes to the Man who waits.

Country Rector's Wife (engaging manner)—And so you wait at dinner? Man—Aw, yes, mum; I'm never that hoongry but I can wait till you've done.

Through Darkest Africa in a Train de Luxe.

Scene—Platform of suburban station. Small crowd looking out for the King Edward's Special, due to pass through on its way to Port Victoria.

City Man—What's it all about?

Porter (with knowing wink)—Dook o' Lancaster going through directly, sir.

City Man—Never heard of anybody with that name!

Porter—Well, 'e calls 'imself the Dook o' Lancaster, but it's really the King travelling in congo—"Punch."

Persian Stories.

With the Persians the writing of poetry and beautiful and witty sayings is described as the "threading of pearls." The student of the Persian language finds stories, many of them as old as the world, but clever and instinct with character. In the "St. James Gazette" a student gives the following from the literature of the land of "The Lion and the Sun."

One day a certain tyrannical king came alone without the city walls, and saw a man sitting under a tree.

The king asked, "The ruler of this kingdom: is he a tyrant or a just man?"

The stranger replied, "A very great tyrant."

The king said to the stranger, "Do you know me?"

He said, "No."

"I am the sultan of this kingdom," replied the king.

The man was overcome with fear, and asked, "Do you know me?"

The king said, "No."

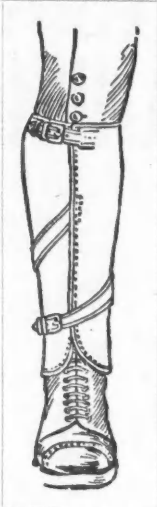
He replied, "I am the son of a merchant, and every month I suffer three days' madness. This unfortunately happens to be the first of the three days."

The king laughed, and had nothing at all further to say.

There is a story of a certain poet



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who came before a great man and praised him very ornately. The rich man was pleased, and said, "Ready money I have not; nevertheless there is in my granaries very much corn. If you come to-morrow I will give you some."

The poet went to his own house, and on the morrow presented himself to his patron.

The rich man asked him, "Why have you come?"

He said, "Yesterday you promised to give me corn. For this reason am I come."

The rich man said, "A most wonderful fool thou art. What you said to me gave me pleasure. What I have said to you equally pleased you. Why, then, should I give you corn?"

The poet was covered with shame, and departed.

Good Listening.

Good talking is largely dependent on "good hearing." The fact that a man is able to do his mental powers the justice of brilliant expression may be due to the presence of some receptive mind, ready to invite and appreciate. Wits may clash to the point of deafening themselves. The sympathetic and silent listener is the buffer between.

Ruskin is said to have been excellent company. He spoke in a tone of "gentle and playful earnestness." He had floods of thought and knowledge to pour forth, if only he could get the right hearers. But there were the barren occasions when listeners were absent.

One day a friend gave a little dinner for him. Doctor Jowett and Dean Stanley. But no sooner had the dinner begun than the host realized his mistake. He had provided no setting for his jewels, no junior men as hearers. "They wanted to meet one another," he said. "It should have gone off brilliantly, but the soup came, and the fish followed, and they simply would not talk. At last I

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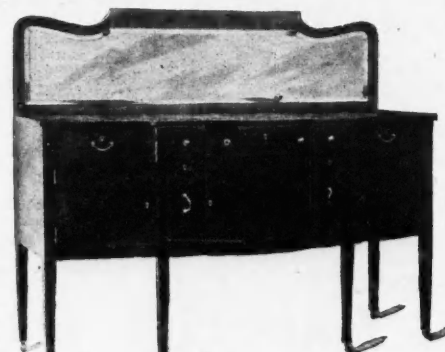
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said some stupid thing to Stanley about the architecture of Westminster Abbey, and that drew Ruskin and started us all off. Then all went well. But I shall never make the same mistake again."

A True Portrait.

The widow was taking her first look at the bust of her beloved husband. The clay was still damp. "Pray examine it well, madam," said the sculptor. "If there is anything wrong I can alter it." The widow looked at it with a mixture of sorrow and satisfaction.

"It is just like him," she said "a perfect portrait—his large nose—the sign of goodness." Here she burst into tears. "He was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"

Richard's Title.

The use of titles is becoming more and more common in the transaction of corporation business, says the "Electrical Review." One man of affairs had this brought to his notice the other day in an unusual manner.

He found on his desk a memorandum that a certain man had called to see him, and had left word that he would return later. The information was signed, "Richard Emerson, O.B."

"Richard Emerson? Richard—why, it's Dick."

"And what does 'O.B.' stand for?"

"Office boy."

'Arry Puts 'em Right.

The "Daily Chronicle" recently suggested that the plural of rhinoceros is a disputed point. 'Arry writes: "What O, Mr. P., 'disputed'—not a bit. Any kid as 'ad 'arf an edication knows what the plural of 'oss' is, don't he? No matter as to its bein' spelt 'os' or 'oss.' Plural anyway 'osses.' 'Bus-'os'—'Bus-'osses.' 'Rhinoc-'os'—'Rhinoc-'osses.' That's as plain as an 'aystaek, ain't it? Yours, 'Arry."

Unkind.

Algy—Gwace has a habwid father. When I awaked him for her hand I said: "Love for your daughter has dwiven me hawf cway."

Cholly—And then, dear boy? "Then the old bwute said: 'Has, eh? Well, who completed the job?'"

"Are you playing horse?" asked the benevolent gentleman who takes an interest in children.

"Certainly not," answered the little Boston boy. "We are amusing ourselves by the assumption that Brother Waldo is an ichthyosaurus and that I am a prehistoric man in pursuit of him."—Washington "Star."

Home Acres.

I.
A sense of pureness in the air.
Of wholesome life in growing things.
Trembling of blossom, blade, and wings.
Perfume and beauty everywhere—
Skies, trees, the grass, the very loam,
I love them all; this is our home.

II.
God, make me worthy of Thy land
Which mine I call a little while!
'Tis meadow where the sunset's smile
Falls like a blessing from Thy hand,
And where the river singing runs
'Neath wintry skies and summer suns.

III.
Million on million years have sped
To frame green fields and bowing
hills;
The mortal for a moment tills
His span of earth, then is he dead:
This knows he well; yet doth he hold
His paradise like miser's gold.

IV.
I would be nobler than to clutch
My little world with gloating grasp;
Now, while I live, my hands unclasp,
Or, let me hold it not so much
For my own joy as for the good
Of all the gentle brotherhood.

V.
And as the seasons move in mirth
Of bloom and bird, of snow and leaf,
May my calm spirit rise from grief
In solace of the lovely earth;
And tho' the land lie dark or lit,
Let me but gather songs from it.
—Richard Watson Glider in "Atlantic Monthly."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Doan—At 307 Pine avenue, Montreal, on Saturday, Sept. 5, 1903, a son to Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Doan.

Macnamara—Sept. 6, Toronto, Mrs. J. W. Macnamara, a daughter.

Brown—Sept. 6, Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Brown, a daughter.

Moore—Sept. 13, Toronto, Mrs. S. J. Moore, a son.

Anderson—Sept. 6, Toronto, Mrs. Manly Anderson, a daughter.

Brooks—Sept. 7, Toronto, Mrs. W. Brooks Maguire, a son.

Maguire—Sept. 12, Toronto, Mrs. D. F. Maguire, a son.

Challenger—Sept. 12, Toronto, Mrs. George Challenger, a son.

Brethaupt—Sept. 9, Berlin, Mrs. L. J. Brethaupt, a son.

Lawrence—Sept. 11, Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Lawrence, a daughter.

Hood—Sept. 7, Midland, Mrs. D. Hood, a daughter.

Bull—Sept. 10, Toronto, Mrs. William Perkins Bull, a daughter.

Flach—Sept. 8, Napanee, Mrs. U. J. Flach, a daughter.

Kelso—Sept. 9, Toronto, Mrs. J. J. Kelso, a daughter.

McCraw—Sept. 10, Merriton, Mrs. John McCraw, a daughter.

Croft—Sept. 16, Toronto, Mrs. William Croft, a daughter.

Peacock—Sept. 13, Toronto, Mrs. J. W. Peacock, triplets (two girls and a boy).

Strickland—Sept. 15, Toronto, Mrs. Walter D'E. Strickland, a daughter.

Marriages.

Gibson—Sharon—At Frome, Ont., on Wednesday, the 16th of September, Thos. Gibson, barrister, of Ingersoll, to Clara Annie, daughter of Mr. Fred H. A. Sharon.

Latornell—Combe—At St. Paul's Church, Clinton, on Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1903, by the Rev. W. Craig, B.D., rector of Petrolia, assisted by the Rev. C. R. Gunne, M.A., rector of St. Paul's church, Clinton, Miss Edith Halliday Combe (Halle), daughter of the late Jas. H. Combe, Esq., of Clinton, to Mr. W. U. Latornell of the Molsons Bank, Ridgeway.

Rogers—MacKenzie—Sept. 8, Deer Park, Toronto, Frederick James Rogers to Mary Fraser MacKenzie.

King—Arnold—Sept. 13, Chester, Ont.,

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Rev. Harold George King to Ellen Edith Arnold.

Haslam—Hoyles—Sept. 12, Toronto, Rev. R. H. A. Haslam, B.A., to Mildred Jean Hoyles.

Tyner—Mallindine—Sept. 15, Toronto, Rev. F. D. Tyner to Jennie Mallindine.

Hale—Barber—Sept. 10, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Charles Bernard Hale to Vivien M. Barber.

Downey—Collier—Sept. 12, Toronto, Dave J. Downey to Mary Florence Collier.

Cashman—Hodgson—Sept. 12, Toronto, Harry Hodgson to Elizabeth A. Cashman.

Goodwill—Brenton—Sept. 9, Toronto, Rev. Thos. Goodwill to Evelyn Edna Brenton.

Hutchison—Vanderveer—Sept. 9, Worcester, Mass., Archibald Hutchison to Mrs. Frances E. Vanderveer.

Beach—Macfarlane—Sept. 9, Port Arthur, John Bethune Beach to Julia Beatrice Macfarlane.

Blachford—Beeton—Sept. 16, Toronto, Frederick Arthur Blachford to Mabelle Louise Beeton.

Birge—Clarke—Sept. 16, Toronto, Russell Hall Birge, M.D., to Edith Eleanor Clarke.

Fry—Colville—Sept. 15, Campbellford, Herbert Gerald Fry to Violet Colville.

Montgomery—Crease—Sept. 16, Toronto, Clarence William Montgomery to Ellen Frances Antoinette Crease.

Nolan—Smith—Sept. 16, Jas. J. Nolan to Maude H. Smith.

Platten—Prangnell—Sept. 16, Toronto, William J. Platten to Lillian Alice Prangnell.

Vaughan—Robinson—Sept. 15, Toronto, Arthur L. Vaughan to Sarah Robinson.

Hancock—Abercrombie—Sept. 16, Toronto, W. W. Hancock to Lucy Abercrombie.

Creighton—Weylie—Sept. 13, Hamilton, John George Creighton to Nellie Weylie.

Dulmage—Mitchell—Sept. 16, Guelph, Marcus B. Dulmage to Orpheus Helen Mitchell.

Bell—Vanderburgh—Sept. 15, Richmond Hill, James Nicol Bell to Clara Vanderburgh.

MacTavish—Johnson—Sept. 15, Union, Ont., Newton MacTavish to Kate Johnson.

McDonald—Harcourt—Sept. 9, Arthur, Ont., W. D. McDonald to Elizabeth Maude Harcourt.

Wells—Glanville—Sept. 8, E. C. Wells to Harriett E. Glanville.

James—Robb—Sept. 2, Holly, N.Y., Dr. Marshall A. James to Florence Louise Robb.

Ness—McMurachy—Sept. 2, Purpleville, Walter S. Ness to Martha Louise McMurachy.

Smith—McLver—Sept. 9, William Willson Smith to Jennie McLver.

Deaths.

Furniss—At Montreal, on September 5th, 1903, Edmond Louis Furniss, of Montreal, formerly of Toronto.

Furniss—At L'Orignal, on September 15, 1903, George Furniss, formerly of Toronto.

Butler—Sept. 12, Toronto, Alice Edna Butler, aged 9 years.

Barrett—Sept. 16, Toronto, Alfred Mead Barrett, aged 39 years.

Calder—Sept. 16, of Mount Hope, Glenford, Helen Margaret Calder.

Miller—West Liberty, Ohio, O. S. Miller, Holness—Sept. 13, Norway, Elizabeth Start Holness, aged 58 years.

Blackwood—Sept. 13, Toronto, Miss M. S. Blackwood, aged 71 years.

Rowell—Sept. 13, Toronto, Annie Rowell, McAlpine—Sept. 9, Grand Forks, North Dakota, Duncan A. McAlpine, aged 32 years.

Duggan—Sept. 12, Hamilton, George Edwin Duggan.

Rae—Vegreville, Alberta, Robert William Rae, 1 year and 3 days.

Newhouse—Sept. 12, Brampton, Ann Jane Newhouse.

Atkinson—Sept. 14, Toronto, John Atkinson, aged 72 years.

Best—Sept. 15, Toronto, Mary Edna Best, aged 21 years.

Gibson—Sept. 15, Toronto, Samuel Edward ("Eddie") Gibson.

Tannahill—Sept. 14, Belleville, Ontario, Robert Tannahill, aged 89 years.

Henry—Sept. 15, Cheltenham, William Henry, aged 82 years.

McIntosh—Sept. 13, Newcastle, Ontario, W. McIntosh, aged 72 years.

Moore—Sept. 13, Hamilton, Clara E. Moore.

Alcock—Sept. 12, Toronto, Richard H. Alcock, aged 44 years.

Boole—Sept. 14, Toronto, Fanny Marwood Boole, aged 78 years.

Thompson—Toronto, Annie Anderson Thompson, aged 21 years.

Turner—Sept. 14, Locust Hill, Josie A. Hagerman Turner.

Morris—Aug. 26, Johnston, Neb., Marion Goss Morris.

Hill—Sept. 7, London, England, Major-General William Hill, C.B.

Fair—Sept. 11, Peterboro', Sarah Irene Fair.

Maguire—Sept. 14, Peterboro', William Westrow Maguire, aged 57 years.

Murphy—Sept. 14, Toronto, Thomas Murphy.

McCraith—Sept. 12, Cedar Grove, Andrew McCraith, aged 76 years.

Nasmith—Sept. 12, Deseronto, Thomas H. Nasmith, aged 54 years.

Laird—Sept. 3, New York, George A. Laird.

Springer—Sept. 10, Toronto, Elizabeth Katharine McDonald Springer.

Lee—Sept. 16, Sutton, Ontario, Catherine Ann Lee, aged 81 years.

Oliver—Sept. 15, Hamilton, Thomas Oliver, aged 58 years.

Peacock—Sept. 13, Toronto, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Peacock.

Rowe—Toronto, Marion Louisa Baker Rowe.

Standish—Sept. 16, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., W. H. Standish.

Watters—Sept. 15, New York City, Charles Donough (Don) O'Brien Watters.

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